### ITALIAN,

OR THE

CONFESSIONAL of the BLACK PENITENTS.

A ROMANCE.

BY

ANN RADCLIFFE,

He, wrapt in clouds of mystery and silence, Broods o'er his passions, bodies them in deeds, And sends them forth on wings of Fate to others; Like the invisible Will, that guides us, Unheard, unknown, unsearchable!

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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## ITALIAM,

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CONFESSIONAL of the BLACK PENITENTS.

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A BOUT the year 1764, some English travellers in Italy, during one of their excursions in the environs of Naples, happened to stop before the portico of the Santa Maria del Pianto, a church belonging to a very ancient convent of the order of the Black Penitents. The magnificence of this portico, though impaired by time, excited so much admiration, that the travellers were curious to survey the structure to which it belonged, and with this intention they ascended the marble steps that led to it.

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Within

Within the shade of the portico, a person with folded arms, and eyes directed towards the ground, was pacing behind the pillars the whole extent of the pavement, and was apparently so engaged by his own thoughts, as not to observe that strangers were approaching. He turned, however, suddenly, as if startled by the sound of steps, and then, without further pausing, glided to a door that opened into the church, and disappeared.

There was something too extraordinary in the figure of this man, and too singular in his conduct, to pass unnoticed by the visitors. He was of a tall thin figure, bending forward from the shoulders; of a fallow complexion, and harsh features, and had an eye, which, as it looked up from the cloke that muffled the lower part of his countenance, seemed expressive of uncommon ferocity.

The mavellers, on entering the church, looked round for the stranger, who had passed

passed thither before them, but he was no where to be feen, and, through all the shade of the long aifles, only one other person appeared. This was a friar of the adjoining convent, who fometimes pointed out to strangers the objects in the church, which were most worthy of attention, and who now, with this defign, approached the party that had just entered.

The interior of this edifice had nothing of the shewy ornament and general splendor, which distinguish the churches of Italy, and particularly those of Naples; but it exhibited a fimplicity and grandeur of defign, confiderably more interesting to perfons of tafte, and a felemnity of light and shade much more suitable to promote the fublime elevation of devotion, bell "

When the party had viewed the different fhrines and whatever had been judged worthy of observation, and were returning through an obscure aisle towards the portico, they perceived the person who had appeared upon the steps, passing towards a confessional on the left, and, as he entered it, one of the party pointed him out to the friar, and enquired who he was; the friar turning to look after him, did not immediately reply, but, on the question being repeated, he inclined his head, as in a kind of obessance, and calmly replied, "He is an assassin."

An affaffin!" exclaimed one of the linglishmen; "an affaffin and at liberty!" An Italian gentleman, who was of the party, finised at the aftonishment of his friend.

plied the friar; "within these walls he may

"Do your alters, then, protect the murderer?" faid the Englishman.

answered the frier meekly.

This is afforithing!" faid the Eng-

if the most atrocious criminal may thus find shelter from them? But how does he contrive to exist here! He is, at least, in danger of being starved?"

"Pardon me," replied the friar; "there are always people willing to affift those, who cannot affift themselves; and as the criminal may not leave the church in search of food, they bring it to him here."

" Is this possible!" faid the Englishman, curning to his Italian friend.

Why, the poor wretch must not starve," replied the friend; "which he inevitably would do, if food were not brought to him! But have you never, since your arrival in Italy, happened to see a person in the situation of this man? It is by no means an uncommon one."

"Never!" answered the Englishman,
"and I can scarcely credit what I see
now!"

laravel:

" Why,

"Why, my friend," observed the Italian, "if we were to shew no mercy to such unfortunate persons, affassinations are so frequent, that our cities would be half depopulated."

In notice of this profound remark, the Englishman could only gravely bow.

"But observe yonder confessional," added the Italian, "that beyond the pillars on the left of the aisle, below a painted window. Have you discovered it? The colours of the glass throw, instead of light, a shade over that part of the church, which, perhaps, prevents your distinguishing what I mean!"

The Englishman looked whither his friend pointed, and observed a confessional of oak, or some very dark wood, adjoining the wall, and remarked also, that it was the same, which the assassin had just entered. It consisted of three compartments, covered with a black canopy. In the central division was the chair of the confessor, elevated by several

feveral steps above the pavement of the church; and on either hand was a small closet, or box, with steps leading up to a grated partition, at which the penitent might kneel, and, concealed from observation, pour into the ear of the confessor, the consciousness of crimes that lay heavy on his heart.

"You observe it?" faid the Italian.

"I'do," replied the Englishman; "it is the same, which the assassin has passed into; and I think it one of the most gloomy spots I ever beheld; the view of it is enough to strike a criminal with despair!"

pair," replied the Italian finilingly.

"Well, but what of this confessional?" enquired the Englishman. "The affaffin entered it!"

"He has no relation, with what I am about to mention," faid the Italian; "but I wish you to mark the place, because some very extraordinary circumstances belong to it."
"What "What are they?" faid the English-

"It is now several years since the confession, which is connected with them, was made at that very confessional," added the Italian; the view of it, and the sight of this assassion, with your surprize at the liberty which is allowed him, led me to a recollection of the story. When you return to the hotel, I will communicate it to you, if you have no pleasanter way of engaging your time.

"I have a curiofity to hear it," replied the Englishman, "cannot you relate it now?"

that would occupy a week; I have it in writing, and will fend you the volume. A young student of Padua, who happened to be at Naples soon after this horrible confession became public?

"Pardon me," interrupted the Englishman, "that is furely very extraordinary?

I thought confessions were always held
facred

facred by the priest, to whom they were

Your observation is reasonable," rejoined the Italian; "the faith of the priest is never broken, except by an especial command from an higher power; and the circumstances must even then be very extraordinary to justify such a departure from the law. But, when you read the narrative. your furprise on this head will cease. I was going to tell you, that it was written by a student of Padua, who, happening to be here foon after the affair became public, was fo much struck with the facts, that, partly as an exercise, and partly in return for some trifling fervices I had rendered him, he committed them to paper for me. You will perceive from the work, that this student was very young, as to the arts of composition, but the facts are what you require, and from these he has not deviated. But come, let us leave the church."

" After

After I have taken another view of this folemn edifice," replied the Englishman, and particularly of the confessional you have pointed to my notice!"

While the Englishman glanced his eye over the high roofs, and along the folerant perspectives of the Santa del Pianto, he perceived the figure of the affassin stealing from the confessional across the choir, and, shocked on again beholding him, he turned his eyes, and hastily quitted the church.

The friends then separated, and the Englishman, soon after returning to his hotel, received the volume. He read as follows:

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#### CHAP. L

What is this feeret fin; this untold tale,
That are cannot extract, nor penance cleans?"

Mysreasove Mornea.

IT was in the church of San Lorenzo at Naples, in the year 1758, that Vincentio di Vivaldi first saw Ellena Rosalba. The sweetness and fine expression of her voice attracted his attention to her figure, which had a distinguished air of delicacy and grace; but her face was concealed in her veil. So much indeed was he fascinated by the voice, that a most painful duriosity was excited as to her countenance, which he fancied must express all the sensibility of character that the more voice. It

dulation of her tones indicated. He liftened to their exquisite expression with a rapt attention, and hardly withdrew his eyes from her person till the matin service had concluded; when he observed her leave the church with an aged lady, who leaned upon her arm, and who appeared to be her mother.

Vivaldi immediately followed their steps, determined to obtain, if possible, a view of Ellena's face, and to discover the home to which fhe should retire. They walked quickly, looking neither to the right or left, and as they turned into the Strada di Toledo he had nearly lost them; but quickening his pace, and relinquishing the cautious distance he had hitherto kept, he overtook them as they entered on the Terrazzo Nuovo, which runs along the bay of Naples, and leads towards the Gran Corfo. He overtook them; but the fair unknown still held her veil close, and he knew not how to introduce himfelf to her notice, or to obtain a view of the features, which excited

cited his curiofity. He was embarraffed by a respectful timidity, that mingled with his admiration, and which kept him filent, not-

withstanding his wish to speak.

In descending the last steps of the Terrazze, however, the foot of the elder lady faltered, and, while Vivaldi haftened to affift her, the breeze from the water caught the veil, which Ellena had no longer a hand fufficiently difengaged to confine, and, wafting it partially aside, disclosed to him a countenance more touchingly beautiful than he had dared to image. Her features were of the Grecian outline, and, though they expressed the tranquillity of an elegant mind, her dark blue eyes sparkled with intelligence. She was affifting her companion fo anxiously, that she did not immediately observe the admiration she had inspired but the moment her eyes met those of Vivaldi, the became confcious of their effect and the haffily drew her veil.

The old lady was not materially hurt by her fall, but, as the walked difficultly, Vivaldi feized the opportunity thus offered, and infifted that the should accept his arm. She refuled this with many acknowledgments; but he pressed the offer so repeatedly and respectfully, that, at length, the accepted it, and they walked towards her

relidence together.

Beder

On the way thither, he attempted to converse with Ellena, but her replies were concife, and he arrived at the end of the walk while he was yet confidering what he could fay, that might interest and withdraw her from this fevere referve. From the ftyle of their residence, he imagined that they were persons of honourable, but moderate independence. The house was small, but exhibited an air of comfort, and even of take. It stood on an eminence, surrounded by a garden and vineyards, which commanded the city and bay of Naples, an ever-moving picture, and was canopied by a thick grove of pines and majestic datetrees; and, though the little portico and collonade in front were of common marble, offit at design he tore himself away:

the style of architecture was elegant. While they afforded a shelter from the sun, they admitted the cooling breezes that rose from the bay below, and a prospect of the whole scope of its enchanting shores.

Vivaldi stopped at the little gate, which led into the garden, where the elder lady repeated her acknowledgments for his care, but did not invite him to enter; and he, trembling with anxiety and finking with disappointment, remained for a moment gazing upon Ellena, unable to take leave, yet irresolute what to say that might prolong the interview, till the old lady again bade him good-day. He then fummoned courage enough to request he might be allowed to enquire after her health, and, having obtained her permission, his eyes bade adieu to Ellena, who, as they were parting, ventured to thank him for the care he had taken of her aunt. The found of her voice, and this acknowledgment of obligation, made him less willing to go than before, but at length he tore himself away. beauty beauty of her countenance haunting his imagination, and the touching accents of her voice still vibrating on his heart, he defcended to the shore below her residence, pleasing himself with the consciousness of being near her, though he could no longer behold her; and fometimes hoping that he might again fee her, however distantly, in a balcony of the house, where the filk awning seemed to invite the breeze from the sea. He lingered hour after hour, stretched beneath the umbrageous pines that waved over the shore, or traversing, regardless of the heat, the base of the cliffs that crowned it; recalling to his fancy the enchaptment of her fmile, and feeming still to listen to the sweetness of her accents.

In the evening he returned to his father's palace at Naples, thoughtful yet pleafed, anxious yet happy; dwelling with delightful hope on the remembrance of the thanks he had received from Ellena, yet not daring to form any plan as to his future conduct. He returned time enough to attend his mother

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mother in her evening ride on the Corfo, where, in every gay carriage that passed, he hoped to see the object of his constant thought; but she did not appear. His mother, the Marchesa di Vivaldi, observed his anxiety and unusual silence, and asked him some questions, which she meant should lead to an explanation of the change in his manners; but his replies only excited a stronger curiosity, and, though she forbore to press her enquiries, it was probable that she might employ a more artful means of renewing them.

Vincentio di Vivaldi was the only son of the Marchese di Vivaldi, a nobleman of one of the most ancient families of the kingdom of Naples, a savourite possessing an uncommon share of influence at Court, and a man still higher in power than in rank. His pride of birth was equal to either, but it was mingled with the justifiable pride of a principled mind; it governed his conduct in morals as well as in the jealousy of ceremonial distinctions, and elevated his prac-

at longe his vice and his virtue, his fateguard and his weakness.

The mother of Vivaldi, defeended from a family as ancient as that of his father, was equally jealous of her importance; but her pride was that of birth and distinction, without extending to morals. She was of violent passions, haughty, vindictive, yet crafty and deceitful; patient in stratagem, and indefatigable in pursuit of vengeance, on the unhappy objects who provoked her resentment. She loved her son, rather as being the last of two illustrious houses, who was to re-unite and support the honour of both, than with the fondness of a mother.

Vincentio inherited much of the character of his father, and very little of that of his mother. His pride was as noble and generous as that of the Marchefe; but he had somewhat of the fiery passions of the Marchefa, without any of her craft, her duplicity, or vindictive thirst of revenge. Frank in his temper, ingenuous in his sentiments,

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peafed; irritated by any appearance of difrespect, but melted by a concession, a high sense of honor rendered him no more jealous, of offence, than a delicate humanity made, him ready for reconciliation, and anxious to spare the seelings of others.

On the day following that, on which he had seen Ellena, he returned to the villa Altieri, to use the permission granted him of enquiring after the health of Signora Bianchi. The expectation of seeing Ellena agitated him with impatient joy and trembling hope, which still encreased as he approached her residence, till, having reached the garden-gate, he was obliged to rest for a few moments to recover breath and composure.

Having announced himself to an old female servant, who came to the gate, he was soon after admitted to a small vestibule; where he found Signora Bianchi winding balls of silk, and alone; though from the position of a chair which stood near a frame

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for embroidery, he judged that Ellena had but just quitted the apartment. Signora Bianchi received him with a reserved politeness, and seemed very cautious in her replies to his enquiries after her niece, who, he hoped, every moment, would appear. He lengthened his visit till there was no longer an excuse for doing so; till he had exhausted every topic of conversation, and till the silence of Signora Bianchi seemed to hint, that his departure was expected. With a heart saddened by disappointment, and having obtained only a reluctant permission to enquire after the health of that lady on some future day, he then took leave.

On his way through the garden he often paufed to look back upon the house, hoping to obtain a glimpse of Ellena at a lattice; and threw a glance around him, almost expecting to see her seated beneath the shade of the luxuriant plantains; but his search was every where vain, and he quitted the place with the slow and heavy step of delipondency.

The day was employed in endeavours to obtain intelligence concerning the family of Ellena, but of this he procured little that was fatisfactory. He was told, that she was an orphan, living under the care of her aunt, Signora Bianchi; that her family, which had never been illustrious, was decayed in fortune, and that her only dependence was upon this aunt. But he was ignorant of what was very true, though very fecret, that fhe affifted to support this aged relative; whose fole property was the fmall estate on which they lived, and that the passed whole days in embroidering filks, which were diff posed of to the nuns of a neighbouring convent, who fold them to the Neapolitan ladies, that visited their grate, at a very high advantage. He little thought, that a beautiful robe, which he had often feen his mother wear, was worked by Ellenay nor that fome copies from the antique, which ornamented a cabinet of the Vivakli palared were drawn by her hand. If he had known these circumstances, they would only have 411 ferved B 6

ferved to encrease the passion, which, since they were proofs of a disparity of fortune, that would certainly render his samily repugnant to a connection with hers, it would have been prudent to discourage.

Ellena could have endured poverty, but not contempt; and it was to protect herfelf from this effect of the narrow prejudices of the world around her, that the had for cautiously concealed from it a knowledge of the industry, which did honor to her cha-She was not ashamed of poverty or of the industry which overcame it, but her fpirit shrunk from the fenseles smile and humiliating condescension, which profperity fometimes gives to indigence. Her mind was not yet strong enough, or her views fufficiently enlarged, to teach her and contempt of the fneer of vicious folly, and to glory in the dignity of virtuous inde-to pendence. Ellena was the fole support of of her aunt's declining years; was patient to ber infirmities, and confoling to her fufferroq ings; and repaid the fondness of a mother sid with Shitiupas

with the affection of a daughter. Her mother the had never known, having lost her while the was an infant, and from that period Signora Bianchi had performed the duties of one for her.

Thus innocent and happy in the filent performance of her duties and in the veil of retirement, lived Ellena Rofalba, when the first saw Vincentio di Vivaldi. He was not of a figure to pass unobserved when seen, and Ellena had been struck by the spirit and dignity of his air, and by his countenance, to frank, noble, and full of that kind of expression, which announces the energies of the foul. But the was cautious of admitting a fentiment more tender than admiration, and endeavoured to difmils his image from her mind, and by engaging in her usual occupations, to recover the state of tranquillity, which his appearance had somewhat interrupted.

pointment, and impatient from anxiety, having passed the greater part of the day in enquiries,

enquiries, which repaid him only with doubt and apprehension, determined to return to the villa Altieri, when evening should conceal his steps, consoled by the certainty of being near the object of his thoughts, and hoping, that chance might favour him once more with a view, however transfent, of Ellena.

The Marchela Vivaldi held an affembly this evening, and a fuspicion concerning the impatience he betrayed, induced her to detain him about her person to a late hour. engaging him to felect the music for her orchestra, and to superintend the performance of a new piece, the work of a compoler whom she had brought into fashion. Her affemblies were among the most brile liant and crowded in Naples, and the nobility, who were to be at the palace this evening, were divided into two parties as to the merits of the musical genius, whom she pad tronized, and those of another candidate for fame. The performance of the exertings it was expected, would finally decide the victory.

victory. This, therefore, was a night of great importance and anxiety to the Mar-chefa, for the was as jealous of the reputation of her favourite compofer as of her own, and the welfare of her fon did but flightly divide her cares.

The moment he could depart unobserved, he quitted the assembly, and, mussling him-felf in his cloak, hastened to the villal Altieri, which lay at a short distance to the west of the city. He reached it unobserved, and, breathless with impatience, traversed the boundary of the garden; where, free from ceremonial restraint, and near the object of his assection, he experienced for the few first moments a joy as exquisite as her presence could have inspired. But this delight faded with its novelty, and in a short time he selt as sorlorn as if he was separated for ever from Ellena, in whose presence he but lately almost believed himself.

The night was far advanced, and, no light appearing from the house, he concluded the inhabitants had retired to rest, and all hope

window.

of seeing her vanished from his mind. Still, however, it was sweet to be near her, and he anxiously sought to gain admittance to the gardens, that he might approach the window where it was possible she reposed. The boundary, formed of trees and thick shrubs, was not difficult to be passed, and he found himself once more in the portico of the villa.

It was nearly midnight, and the stillness that reigned was rather foothed than interrupted by the gentle dashing of the waters of the bay below, and by the hollow murmurs of Vefuvius, which threw up, at intervals its fudden flame on the horizon, and then left it to darkness. The solemnity of the scene accorded with the temper of his mind, and he liftened in deep attention for the returning founds, which broke upon the ear like distant thunder muttering imperfectly from the clouds. The pauses of filence, that fucceeded each groan of the mountain, when expectation liftened for the rifing found, affected the imagination of Vivaldi

Vivaldi at this time with particular awe, to and, rapt in thought, he continued to gaze on upon the sublime and shadowy outline of the shores, and on the sea, just discerned beneath the twilight of a cloudless sky. Along its grey furface many vessels were pursuing their filent courfe, guided over the deep waters only by the polar star, which burned with steady lustre. The air was calm, and role from the bay with most balmy and refreshing coolness; it scarcely stirred the heads of the broad pines that overspread the villa; and bore no founds but of the waves and the groans of the far-off mountain, till a chaunting of deep voices fwelled from a distance. The folemn character of the strain engaged his attention; he perceived that it was a requiem, and he endeavoured to discover from what quarter It advanced, though distantly, and then passed away on the air. The circumstance struck him; he knew it was usual in some parts of Italy to chaunt this strain over the bed of the dying but here the mourn-

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ers seemed to walk the earth, or the air. He was not doubtful as to the ftrain itself; -once before he had heard it, and attended with circumstances which made it impossible that he should ever forget it. As he now listened to the choral voices softening in distance, a few pathetic notes brought full upon his remembrance the divine melody he had heard Ellena utter in the church of San Lorenzo. Overcome by the recollection, he started away, and, wandering over the garden, reached another fide of the villa, where he foon heard the voice of Ellena herfelf, performing the midnight hymn to the Virgin, and accompanied by a lute; which she touched with most affecting and delicate expression. He stood for a moment entranced, and fcarcely daring to breathed lest he should lose any note of that meek and holy strain, which seemed to flow from a devotion almost faintly. Then, looking round to discover the object of his admiration, a light iffuing from among the bowery foliage of a clematis led him to a lattice, and shewed heard

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fhewed him Ellena. The lattice had been thrown open to admit the cool air, and he had a full view of her and the apartment. She was rifing from a fmall altar where the had concluded the fervice; the glow of devotion was still upon her countenance as fhe raifed her eyes, and with a rapt earneftness fixed them on the heavens. She fill held the lute, but no longer awakened it, and feemed loft to every furrounding object. Her fine hair was negligently bound up in a filk net, and fome treffes that had escaped it, played on her neck, and round her beautiful countenance, which now was not even partially concealed by a veil. The light drapery of her dress, her whole figure, air, and attitude, were fuch as might have been copied for a Grecian nymph.

Vivaldi was perplexed and agitated between the wish of seizing an opportunity, which might never again occur, of pleading his love, and the sear of offending, by intruding upon her retirement at so sacred an hour; but, while he thus hestated, he heard

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heard her figh, and then with a sweetness peculiar to her accent, pronounce his name. During the trembling anxiety, with which he listened to what might follow this mention of his name, he disturbed the clematis that furrounded the lattice, and she turned her eyes towards the window; but Vivaldi was entirely concealed by the foliage. She, however, rose to close the lattice; as she approached which, Vivaldi, unable any longer to command himself, appeared before her. She stood fixed for an instant, while her countenance changed to an ashy paleness; and then, with trembling haste closing the lattice, quitted the apartment. Vivaldi felt as if all his hopes had vanished with her.

After lingering in the garden for some time without perceiving a light in any other part of the building, or hearing a sound proceed from it, he took his melancholy way to Naples. He now began to alk himself some questions, which he ought to have urged before, and to enquire wherefore he sought

fought the dangerous pleasure of seeing. Ellena, since her family was of such a condition as rendered the consent of his parents to a marriage with her unattainable.

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He was lost in revery on this subject. fometimes half resolved to seek her no more, and then shrinking from a conduct, which feemed to strike him with the force of despair, when, as he emerged from the dark arch of a ruin, that extended over the road, his steps were crossed by a person in the habit of a monk, whose face was shrouded by his cowl still more than by the twilight. The stranger, addressing him by his name, "Signor! your steps are watched; beware how you revisit Altieri!" Having uttered this, he disappeared, before Vivaldi could return the fword he had half drawn into the scabbard, or demand an explanation of the words he had heard. He called loudly and repeatedly, conjuring the unknown person to appear, and lingered near the fpot for a confiderable time; but the viurged before, and to enquire wherefore

Vivaldi arrived at home with a mind occupied by this incident, and tormented by the jealoufy to which it gave rife; for, after indulging various conjectures, he concluded with believing the notice, of which he had been warned, to be that of a rival, and that the danger which menaced him, was from the poniard of jealoufy. This belief discovered to him at once the extent of his pathon, and of the imprudence, which had thus readily admitted it; yet so far was this new prudence from overcoming his error, that, flung with a torture more exquifite than he had ever known, he refolved, at every event, to declare his love, and fue for the hand of Ellena. Unhappy young man, he knew not the fatal error, into which passion was precipitating him!

On his arrival at the Vivaldi palace, he learned, that the Marchefa had observed his absence, had repeatedly enquired for him, and had given orders that the time of his return should be mentioned to her. She had, however, retired to rest; but the Marchese,

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chele, who had attended the King on an excursion to one of the royal villas on the bay, returned home soon after Vincentie; and, before he had withdrawn to his apartment, he met his son with looks of unusual displeasure, but avoided saying any thing, which either explained or alluded to the subject of it; and, after a short conversation, they separated.

Vivaldi shut himself in his apartment to deliberate, if that may deferve the name of deliberation, in which a conflict of passions, rather than an exertion of judgment, prevailed. For several hours he traversed his fait of rooms, alternately tortured by the remembrance of Ellena, fired with jealoufy, and alarmed for the confequence of the imprudent step, which he was about to take. He knew the temper of his father, and fome traits of the character of his mother, fufficiently to fear that their displeasure would be irreconcilable concerning the marriage he meditated ; yet, when he confidered that he was their only fon, he was inclined to admit

admit a hope of forgiveness, notwithstanding the weight which the circumstance must add to their disappointment. These reflexions were frequently interrupted by fears lest Ellena had already disposed of her affections to this imaginary rival. He was, however, somewhat confoled by remembering the figh she had uttered, and the tenderness, with which she had immediately pronounced his name. Yet, even if the were not averse to his fuit, how could be folicit her hand, and hope it would be given him, when he should declare that this must be in fecret ? He fearcely daved to believe that the would condescend to enter a family who disdained to receive her, and again despondency overcame him.

The morning found him as distracted as the night had left him; his determination, however, was fixed; and this was, to fair crifice what he now confidered as a delutive pride of birth, to a choice which he bed lieved would ensure the happiness of his life.

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But, before he ventured to declare himfelf to Ellena, it appeared necessary to ascertain whether he held an interest in her heart, or whether she had devoted it to the rival of his love, and who this rival really was. It was so much easier to wish for such information than to obtain it, that, after forming a thousand projects, either the delicacy of his respect for Ellena, or his sear of offending her, or an apprehension of discovery from his family before he had secured an interest in her affections, constantly opposed his views of an enquiry.

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In this difficulty he opened his heart to a friend, who had long possessed his confidence, and whose advice he solicited with somewhat more anxiety and sincerity than is usual on such occasions. It was not a fanction of his own opinion that he required, but the impartial judgment of another mind. Bonarmo, however little he might be qualified for the office of an adviser, did not scruple to give his advice. As a means of judging whether Ellena was difvort.

poled to favour Vivaldi's addresses, he proposed that, according to the custom of the country, a ferenade should be given; he maintained, that, if the was not difinclined towards him, fome fign of approbation would appear; and if otherwise, that the would temain filent and invisible. Vivaldi objected to this coarfe and inadequate mode of expressing a love so facred as his, and he had too lofty an opinion of Ellena's mind and delicacy, to believe, that the trifling homage of a ferenade would either flatter her felf-love, or interest her in his favour; nor, if it did, could he venture to believe, that the would difplay any fign of approbation.

His friend laughed at his scruples and at his opinion of what he called such romantic delicacy, that his ignorance of the world was his only excuse for having cherished them. But Vivaldi interrupted this raillery, and would neither suffer him for a moment to speak thus of Ellena, or to call such delicacy romantic. Bonarmo, how-

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ever, still urged the serenade as at least a possible means of discovering her disposition towards him before he made a formal arowal of his suit; and Vivaldi, perplexed and distracted with apprehension and impatience to terminate his present state of sufpense, was at length so far overcome by his own dissiculties, rather than by his friend's persuasion, that he consented to make the adventure of a serenade on the approaching night. This was adopted rather as a refuge from despondency, than with any hope of success; for he still believed that Ellena would not give any hint, that might terminate his uncertainty.

Beneath their cloaks they carried musical instruments, and, mussling up their faces, so that they could not be known, they proceeded in thoughtful silence on the way to the villa Altieri. Already they had passed the arch, in which Vivaldi was stopped by the stranger on the preceding night, when he heard a sudden sound near him, and, raising his head from the cloak, he per-

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ceived the same signred Before he had time for exclamation, the stranger crossed him again. "Go not to the villa Altieri," said he in a solemn woice, " lest you meet the sate you ought to dread."

"What fate?" demanded Vivaldi, step-

But the monk was gone, and the darknels of the hour baffled observation as to the way of his departure.

" this is almost beyond belief! but let us return to Naples; this second warning ought to be obeyed."

"It is almost beyond endurance;" exclaimed Vivaldi; "which way did the pass?"

"He glided by me," replied Bonarmo,
"and he was gone before I could cross
him!"

"I will tempt the worst at once," said Vivaldi; " if I have a rival, it is best to meet him. Let us go on."

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Bonarmo remonstrated, and represented the serious danger that threatened from so rashous proceedings of It is evident that you have a rival," said he; " and your courage cannot avail you against hired bravos." Vivaldi's heart swelled at the mention of a rival. " If you think it dangerous to proceed, I will go alone," said he

Hurt by this reproof, Bonarmo accompanied his friend in filence, and they reached without interruption the boundary of the villa. Vivaldi led to the place by which he had entered on the preceding night, and they passed unmolested into the garden.

- whom you warned me?" faid Vivaldi, with taunting exultation.
- "Speak cautiously," replied his friend;
  "we may, even now, be within their reach."
- "They also may be within ours," ob-

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At length, these adventurous friends came to the orangery, which was near the house, when, tired by the afcent, they refted to recover breath, and to prepare their instruments for the ferenade. The night was still, and they now heard, for the first time, murmurs as of a diffant multitude; and then the fudden splendor of fireworks broke upon the fky. These arose from a villa on the western margin of the bay, and were given in honour of the birth of one of the royal princes. They foared to an immenfe height, and, as their luftre broke filently upon the night, it lightened on the thoufand up-turned faces of the gazing crowd. illumined the waters of the bay, with every little boat that skimmed its forface, and shewed distinctly the whole fweep of its rifing fhores, the stately city of Naples on the strand below, and, spreading far among the hills, its terraced roofs crowded with spectators, and the Corso tumultuous with carriages and blazing with torches.

While

While Bonarmo surveyed this magnificent scene, Vivaldi turned his eyes to the residence of Ellena, part of which looked out from among the trees, with a hope that the spectacle would draw her to a balcony; but she did not appear, nor was there any light, that might indicate her approach.

While they still rested on the turf of the orangery, they heard a sudden rustling of the leaves, as if the branches were disturbed by some person who endeavoured to make his way between them, when Vivaldi demanded who passed. No answer was returned, and a long silence followed.

"We are observed," said Bonarmo, at length, "and are even now, perhaps, almost beneath the poinard of the assassin: let us be gone."

"O that my heart were as secure from the darts of love, the affassin of my peace," exclaimed Vivaldi, "as yours is from those of bravos! My friend, you have little to interest you, since your thoughts have so much leisure for apprehension."

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"My fear is that of prudence, not of weakness," retorted Bonarmo, with acrimony; "you will find, perhaps, that I have none, when you most wish me to possess it."

"I understand you," replied Vivaldi; "let us finish this business, and you shall receive reparation, since you believe your-felf injured: I am as anxious to repair an offence, as jealous of receiving one."

"Yes," replied Bonarmo, "you would repair the injury you have done your friend with his blood."

"Oh! never, never!" faid Vivaldi, falling on his neck. "Forgive my halty violence; allow for the distraction of my mind."

Bonarmo returned the embrace. "It is enough," faid he; "no more, no more! I hold again my friend to my heart."

While this conversation passed, they had quitted the orangery, and reached the walls of the villa, where they took their station under a balcony that overhung the lattice, through

through which Vivaldi had seen Ellena on the preceding night. They tuned their instruments, and opened the ferenade with a duet.

Vivaldi's voice was a fine tenor, and the fame fufceptibility, which made him paffionately fond of music, taught him to modulate its cadence with exquisite delicacy, and to give his emphasis with the most simple and pathetic expression. His foul feemed to breathe in the founds,-fo tender, fo imploring, yet so energetic. On this night, enthusiasm inspired him with the highest eloquence, perhaps, which music is capable of attaining; what might be its effect on Ellena he had no means of judging, for she did not appear either at the balcony or the lattice, nor gave any hint of applause. No founds stole on the stillness of the night, except those of the serenade, nor did any light from within the villa break upon the obscurity without; once, indeed, in a pause of the instruments, Bonarmo fancied he distinguished voices near him, as of persons who

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who feared to be heard, and he listened attentively, but without ascertaining the truth. Sometimes they seemed to sound heavily in his ear, and then a death-like silence prevailed. Vivaldi affirmed the sound to be nothing more than the confused murmur of the distant multitude on the shore, but Bonarmo was not thus easily convinced.

The mulicians, unfuccessful in their first endeavour to attract attention, removed to the opposite side of the building, and placed themselves in front of the portico, but with as little success; and, after having exercised their powers of harmony and of patience for above an hour, they resigned all further effort to win upon the obdurate Ellena. Vivaldi, notwithstanding the feebleness of his first hope of seeing her, now suffered an agony of disappointment; and Bonarmo, alarmed for the consequence of his despair, was as anxious to persuade him that he had no rival, as he had lately been pertinacious in assiming that he had one.

At length, they left the gardens, Vivaldi protesting that he would not rest till he had discovered the stranger, who so wantonly destroyed his peace, and had compelled him to explain his ambiguous warnings; and Bonarmo remonstrating on the imprudence and dissiculty of the search, and representing that such conduct would probably be the means of spreading a report of his attachment, where most he dreaded it should be known.

Vivaldi refused to yield to remonstrance or considerations of any kind. "We shall see," faid he, "whether this demon in the garb of a monk, will haunt me again at the accustomed place; if he does, he shall not escape my grasp; and if he does not, I will watch as vigilantly for his return, as he seems to have done for mine. I will lurk in the shade of the ruin, and wait for him, though it be till death!"

Bonarmo was particularly struck by the vehemence with which he pronounced the last words, but he no longer opposed his c 6 purpose,

purpose, and only bade him consider whether he was well armed, "For," he added, "
"you may have need of arms there, though you had no use for them at the villa Altieri."
Remember that the stranger told you that your steps were watched."

"I have my fword," replied Vivaldi,
"and the dagger which I usually wear; but or
I ought to enquire what are your weapons of defence."

"Hush!" said Bonarmo, as they turned the foot of a rock that overhung the road, "we are approaching the spot; yonder is the arch!" It appeared duskily in the perspective, suspended between two cliss, where the road wound from sight, on one of which were the ruins of the Roman fort it belonged to, and on the other, shadowing pines, and thickets of oak that tusted the rock to its base.

They proceeded in filence, treading lightly, and often throwing a fuspicious glance around, expecting every instant that the monk would steal out upon them from some recess of the cliffs. But they passed

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on unmolested to the arch-way. "We are here before him, however," said Vivaldi as they entered the darkness. "Speak low, my friend," said Bonarmo, "others besides ourselves may be shrouded in this obscurity. I like not the place."

"Who but ourselves would chuse so dismal a retreat?" whispered Vivaldi, "unless indeed, it were banditti; the savageness of the spot would, in truth, suit their humour, and it suits well also with my own."

"It would fuit their purpose too, as well as their humour," observed Bonarmo. "Let us remove from this deep shade, into the more open road, where we can as closely observe who passes."

Vivaldi objected that in the road they might themselves be observed, "and if we are seen by my unknown tormentor, our design is deseated, for he comes upon us suddenly, or not at all, lest we should be prepared to detain him."

Vivaldi, as he faid this, took his station within the thickest gloom of the arch, which

was of confiderable depth, and near a flight of steps that was cut in the rock, and afcended to the fortress. His friend stepped close to his side. After a pause of silence, during which Bonarmo was meditating, and Vivaldi was impatiently watching, "Do you really believe," said the former, "that any effort to detain him would be effectual? He glided past me with a strange facility, it was surely more than human!"

"What is it you mean? enquired Vivaldi.

Why, I mean that I could be superstitious. This place, perhaps, infests my mind with congenial gloom, for I find that, at this moment, there is scarcely a superstition too dark for my credulity."

Vivaldi smiled. "And you must allow," added Bonarmo, "that he has appeared under circumstances somewhat extraordinary. How should he know your name, by which, you say, he addressed you at the first meeting? How should he know from whence you came, or whether you designed

to return ? By what magic could he become

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Who has I certain that he is acquainted with them," observed Vivaldi; "but if he is, there was no necessity for superhuman means to obtain such knowledge."

to convince you that he is acquainted with your defigns," faid Bonarmo. "Do you believe it possible that Ellena could have been insensible to your attentions, if her heart had not been pre-engaged, and that she would not have shewn herself at a lattice?"

"You do not know Ellena," replied Vivaldi, "and therefore I once more pardon you the question. Yet had she been disposed to accept my addresses, surely some sign of approbation,"—he checked himself.

"The stranger warned you not to go to the villa Altieri," resumed Bonarmo, "he seemed to anticipate the reception, which awaited you, and to know a danger, which hitherto you have happily escaped." "Yes, he anticipated too well that reception," faid Vivaldi, lofing his prudence in passionate exclamation; " and he is himfelf, perhaps, the rival, whom he has taught me to suspect. He has assumed a disguise only the more effectually to impose upon my credulity, and to deter me from addressing Ellena. And shall I tamely he in wait for his approach? Shall I lurk like a guilty assassing for this rival?"

"For heaven's fake!" faid Bonarmo, "moderate these transports; consider where you are. This surmise of yours is in the highest degree improbable." He gave his reasons for thinking so, and these convinced Vivaldi, who was prevailed upon to be once more patient.

They had remained watchful and still for a considerable time, when Bonarmo saw a person approach the end of the arch-way nearest to Altieri. He heard no step, but he perceived a shadowy sigure station itself at the entrance of the arch, where the twilight of this brilliant climate was, for a few

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paces, admitted. Vivaldi's eyes were fixed on the road leading towards Naples, and he, therefore, did not perceive the object of Bonarmo's attention, who, fearful of his friend's precipitancy, forbore to point out immediately what he observed, judging it more prudent to watch the motions of this unknown person, that he might ascertain whether it really were the monk. The fize of the figure, and the dark drapery in which it feemed wrapt, induced him, at length, to believe that this was the expected stranger; and he feized Vivaldi's arm to direct his attention to him, when the form gliding forward disappeared in the gloom, but not before Vivaldi had understood the occasion of his friend's gesture and significant silence. They heard no footstep pass them, and, being convinced that this person, whatever he was, had not left the arch-way, they kept their station in watchful stillness. Presently they heard a rustling, as of garments, near them, and Vivaldi, unable longer to command his patience, started from his concealment, ment, and with arms extended to prevent any one from escaping, demanded who was there.

Bonarmo drew his fword, protesting he would stab the air till he found the person who lurked there; but that if the latter would discover himself, he should receive no injury. This affurance Vivaldi confirmed by his promise. Still no answer was returned; but as they listened for a voice, they thought something passed them, and the avenue was not narrow enough to have prevented such a circumstance. Vivaldi rushed forward, but did not perceive any person issue from the arch into the highway, where the stronger twilight must have discovered him.

"Somebody certainly passed," whispered Bonarmo, "and I think I hear a found from yonder steps, that lead to the fortress."

Let us follow," cried Vivaldi, and he began to ascend.

SHOW!

Bonarmo; if confider what you are about!

Do not brave the utter darkness of these ruins; do not pursue the assassing to his den!

Vivaldi, still ascending; "he shall not escape medion to be a state of the shall not escape

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Bonarmo paused a moment at the foot of the steps, and his friend disappeared; he hesitated what to do, till ashamed of suffering him to encounter danger alone, he sprang to the slight, and not without dissiculty surmounted the rugged steps.

Having reached the summit of the rock, he found himself on a terrace, that ran along the top of the arch-way and had once been fortified; this, crossing the road, commanded the defile each way. Some remains of massy walls, that still exhibited loops for archers, were all that now hinted of its former use. It led to a watch-tower almost concealed in thick pines, that crowned the opposite cliff, and had thus served not only

for a strong battery over the road, but, connecting the opposite sides of the desile, had formed a line of communication between the fort and this out post.

Bonarmo looked round in vain for his friend, and the echoes of his own voice only, among the rocks, replied to his repeated calls. After fome hefitation whether to enter the walls of the main building, or to cross to the watch-tower, he determined on the former, and entered a rugged area, the walls of which, following the declivities of the precipice, could fearcely now be traced. The citadel, a round tower, of majeltic strength, with some Roman arches scattered near, was all that remained of this once important fortress; except, indeed, a mass of ruins near the edge of the cliff, the construction of which made it difficult to guess for what purpose it had been defigned.

Bonarmo entered the immense walls of the citadel, but the utter darkness within checked his progress, and, contenting himfelf with calling loudly on Vivaldi, he returned to the open air. d

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As heapproached the mass of ruins, whose singular form had interested his curiosity, he thought he distinguished the low accents of a human voice, and while he listened in anxiety, a person rushed forth from a doorway of the ruin, carrying a drawn sword. It was Vivaldi himself. Bonarino sprang to meet him; he was pale and breathless, and some moments elapsed before he could speak, or appeared to hear the repeated enquiries of his friend.

"Let us go," faid Vivaldi, "let us leave this place!"

"Most willingly," replied Bonarmo, "but where have you been, and who have you feen, that you are thus affected."

"Ask me no more questions, let us go,"

They descended the rock together, and when, having reached the arch-way, Bonarmo enquired, half sportively, whether they should remain any longer on the watch, his friend answered, "No!" with an emphasis that startled him. They passed hastily

on the way to Naples, Bonarmo repeating enquiries which Vivaldi feemed reluctant to fatisfy, and wondering no lefs at the cause of this sudden reserve, than anxious to know whom he had seen.

"You fecured him at last?" faid Bonarmo;

"I know not what to think," replied Vivaldi, "I am more perplexed than ever."

"He escaped you then?"

"We will speak of this in future," said Vivaldi; "but be it as it may, the business rests not here. I will return in the night of to-morrow with a torch; dare you venture yourself with me?"

"I know not," replied Bonarmo, "whether I ought to do fo, fince I am not informed for what purpose."

"I will not prefs you to go," faid Vivaldi; "my purpose is already known to you."

"Have you really failed to discover the stranger—have you still doubts concerning the person you pursued?"

" I have

I hope, will diffipate."

"It was but now that I witnessed the horror, with which you left the fortress of
Paluzzi, and already you speak of returning
to it! And why at night—why not in the
day, when less danger would befer you?"

"you are to observe that day light never pierces within the recess, to which I penetrated; we must search the place with torches at whatsoever hour we would examine it."

"Since this is necessary," faid Bonarmo, "how happens it that you found your way in total darkness?"

"I was too much engaged to know how; I was led on, as by an invisible hand."

We must, notwithstanding," observed Bonarmo, "go in day-time, if not by day-light, provided I accompany you. It would be little less than infanity to go twice to a place, which is probably infested with robbers,

robbers, and at their own hour of mid-

"I shall watch again in the accustomed place," replied Vivaldi, "before I use my last resource, and this cannot be done during the day. Besides, it is necessary that I should go at a particular hour, the hour when the monk has usually appeared."

"He did escape you, then?" said Bonarmo, "and you are still ignorant concerning who he is?"

Vivaldi rejoined only with an enquiry whether his friend would accompany him. "If not," he added, "I must hope to find another companion."

Bonarmo faid, that he must consider of the proposal, and would acquaint him with his determination before the following evening.

While this conversation concluded, they were in Naples, and at the gates of the Vivaldi palace, where they separated for the remainder of the night.

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## CHAP. II.

OLIVIA. "Why what would you?" VIOLA. "Make me a willow cabin at your gate, And call upon my foul within the house; Write loyal cantos of contemned love, And fing them loud even in the dead of night: Halloo your name to the reverberate hills, And make the babbling goffip of the air Cry out, Olivia! O! you should not rest Between the elements of air and earth, But you should pity me."

TWELFTH NIGHT.

JINCE Vivaldi had failed to procure an explanation of the words of the monk, he determined to relieve himself from the tortures of suspence, respecting a rival, by going to the villa Altieri, and declaring his On the morning immediately pretentions. following his late adventure, he went thither, and on enquiring for Signora Bianchi, was told that she could not be seen. With much difficulty he prevailed upon the old house-VOL. I.

house-keeper to deliver a request that he might be permitted to wait upon her for a few moments. Permission was granted him, when he was conducted into the very apartment where he had formerly seen Ellena. It was unoccupied and he was told that Signora Bianchi would be there presently may be about a sould be there

During this interval, he was agitated at one moment with quick impatience, and at another with enthuliastic pleasure, while he gazed on the altar whence he had feen Ellena rife, and wherey to his fancy, the fill appeared; and on every object, on which he knew her eyes had lately dwelt. These objects, so familiar to her, had in. the imagination of Vivaldi acquired fomewhat of the facred character the had impressed upon his heart, and affected him in fome degree as her presence would have done. He trembled as he took up the lute the had been accustomed to touch, and, when he awakened the chords, her own voice seemed to speak of A drawing, halffinished, finished, of a dancing nymph remained on a stand, and he immediately understood that her hand had traced the lines. It was a copy from Herculaneum; and, though a copy, was touched with the spirit of original genius. The light steps appeared al most to move, and the whole figure difplayed the airy lightness of exquisite grace. Vivaldi perceived this to be one of a let that ornamented the apartment, and obferved with furprife, that they were the particular hibjects, which adorned his father's cabinet, and which he had understood to be the only copies permitted from the originals in the royal museum.

Every object, on which his eyes reflect, feemed to announce the prefence of Ellena; and the very flowers that fo gaily embelliffed the apartment, breathed forth a perfume. which fascinated his fentes and affected his magination. Before Signora Bianchi appeared; his anxiety and apprehension had encreased to much, that, believing he should be unable to support himself in her predoublist.

fence.

fence, he was more than once upon the point of leaving the house. At length, he heard her approaching step from the hall, and his breath almost forfook him. The figure of Signora Bianchi was not of an order to inspire admiration, and a speciafor might have imiled to fee the perturbation of Vivaldi, his faultering step and anxious eye, as he advanced to meet the venerable Bianchi, as he bowed upon her faded hand, and listened to her querulous voice. She received him with an air of referve, and some moments passed before he could recollect himself hifficiently to explain the purpose of his visit; yet this, when he discovered it, did not apparently furprise her. She listened with composure, though with fomewhat of a fevere counter nance, to his protestations of regard for her niece, and when he implored her to intercede for him in obtaining the hand of Ellena, she said, "I cannot be ignorant that a family of your rank must be averse to an union with one ofmine; nor am I unacquainted

quainted that a full sense of the value of birth is a marking feature in the characters of the Marchefe and Marchefa di Vivaldi. This propofal must be disagreeable or, at least, unknown to them; and I am to inform you, Signor, that, though Signora di Rosalba is their inferior in rank, she is their equal in pride."

quainted

Vivaldi disdained to prevaricate, yet was shocked to own the truth thus abruptly. The ingenuous manner, however, with which he at length did this, and the energy of a passion too eloquent to be misunderstood, somewhat soothed the anxiety of Signora Bianchi, with whom other confiderations began to arise. She confidered that from her own age and infirmines the must very soon, in the course of nature, leave Ellena a young and friendless orphan; fill fornewhat dependent upon her own induffry, and entirely so on her discretion. With much beauty and little knowledge of the world, the dangers of her future fituation appeared in vivid colours to the affectionate

tionate mind of Signora Bianchi; and the fometimes thought that it might be right to facrifice confiderations, which in other circumstances would be laudable, to the obtaining for her niece the protection of a husband and a man of honour. If in this instance she descended from the losty integrity, which ought to have opposed her consent that Ellena should clandestinely enter any family, her parental anxiety may soften the censure she deserved.

But, before the determined upon this fibject, it was necessary to ascertain that. Vivaldi was worthy of the confidence the might repose in him. To try, also, the constancy of his affection, she gave little present encouragement to his hopes. His request to see Ellena she absolutely resuled, till she should have considered further of his proposals; and his enquiry whether he had a rival, and, if he had, whether Ellena was disposed to favour him, she evaded, since she knew that a reply would give

more encouragement to his hopes, than it might hereafter be proper to confirm.

leafed, indeed, from absolute despair, but scarcely encouraged to hope; ignorant that he had a rival, yet doubtful whether Ellena honoured himself with any share of her esteem.

He had received permission to wait upon Signora Bianchi on a future day, but till that day should arrive time appeared mes tionless, and, fince it seemed utterly impossible to endure this interval of suspence. his thoughts on the way to Naples were wholy engaged in contriving the means of concluding it, till he reached the wellknown arch, and looked round, though hopelessly, for his mysterious tormentor. The stranger did not appear; and Vivaldi purfued the road, determined to re-visit the spot at night, and also to return privately to villa Altieri, where he hoped a fecond wifit might procure for him some relief from his prefent anxiety.

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When he reached home he found that the Marchele, his father, had left an order for him to await his arrival, which he obeyed but the day passed without his return. The Marchesa, when she saw him, enquired, with a look that expressed much, how he had engaged himself of late, and completely, frustrated his plans for the evening, by requiring him to attend her to Portici. Thus he was prevented from receiving Bonarmo's determination, from watching at Paluzzi, and from revisiting Ellena's residence.

He remained at Portici the following evening, and, on his return to Naples, the Marchele being again ablent, he continued ignorant of the intended subject of the interview. A note from Bonarmo brought a refulal to accompany him to the fortress, and urged him to forbear so dangerous a visit. Being for this night unprovided with a companion for the adventure, and unwilling to go alone. Vivaldi deferred it to another evening; but no consideration

When he reached took he found that

Not charing to folicit his friend to recompany him thicker, fince he had refuled his first request, he took his folicary lute, and reached the garden at an earlier hour than usual.

The fun had been fet above an hour, but the horizon still retained formewhat of a saffron brilliancy, and the whole dome of the sky had an appearance of transparency, peculiar to this enchanting chimate, which seemed to diffuse a more soothing twilight over the reposing world. In the south east the outline of Vesuvius appeared distinctly, but the mountain itself was dark and silent.

Vivaldi heard only the quick and eager voices of some Lazaroni at a distance on the shore, as they contended at the simple game of maro. From the bowery lattices of a small pavilion within the orangery, he perceived a light, and the sudden hope, which it occasioned, of seeing Ellena, almost overcame him. It was impossible to resist the opportunity of beholding her, yet he check-

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ed the impatient step he was taking, to ask handelf, whether it was honorable thus to fteal upon her retirement, and become an unfulpected observer of her secret thoughts. But the temptation was too powerful for this honorable hefitation; the paufe was momentary; and, stepping lightly towards the pavilion, he placed himself near an open lattice, fo as to be shrouded from observation by the branches of an orange-tree, while he obtained a full view of the apartment. " Ellena was alone, fitting in a thoughtful attitude and holding her lute, which the did not play. She appeared loft to a consciousness of surrounding objects, and a tendernels was on her countenance. which feemed to tell him that her thoughts were engaged by some interesting subject. Recollecting that, when last he had seen her thus, the pronounced his name, his hope revived, and he was going to discover himfelf and appear at her feet, when she spoke, and he pauled. May not soverell with money open mining alterelacedly alach, and her sheett"Why this unreasonable pride of bitth!" faid the; " A visionary prejudice destroys our peace. Never would I submit to enter a family averse to receive me; they shall learn, at least, that I inherit nobility of foul. Od Vivaldid but for this unhappy prejumentary ; and Hender work willash

Vivaldi, while he liftened to this, was immovable; he feemed as if entranced; the found of her lute and voice recalled him, and he heard her fing the first stanza of the very air, with which he had opened the ferenade on a former night, and with fuch fweet pathos as the compofer must have felt when he was inspired with the idea.

She pauled at the conclusion of the fuffi flanzaj when Vivaldi, overcome by the temptation of fuch an opportunity for exe prefling his puffion, fuddenly ffruck the chords of the lite, and replied to her in the fecond. The tremor of his voice, though it restrained his tones, heightened its eloquence. Ellena instantly recollected it; her colour alternately faded and returned; torywire

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and, before the verse concluded she seemed to have lost all consciousness. Vivaldi was now advancing into the pavilion, when his approach regalled her; she waved him to retire, and before he could spring to her support, she rose and would have less the place, had he not interrupted her and implored a few moments attention.

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"It is impossible," faid Ellena. pids more

"Let me only hear you say that I am not hateful to you," rejoined Vivaldi; "that this intrusion has not deprived me of the regard, with which but now you acknowledged you honoured me."—

"Oh, never, never!" interrupted Ellena, impatiently; "forget that I ever made fuch acknowledgment; forget that you ever heard it; I know not what I said."

possible I ever can forget it? It will be the nonfolace of my folitary hours, the hope that sale shall suffain me."

rupted Ellena, still more embarrassed, "or forgive

forgive myfelf for having permitted fuch a convertation but as the spoke the last words, an involuntary fmile feemed to contradict their meaning. Vivaldi believed the finile in spite of the words; but, before he could express the lightning joy of conviction, the had left the pavilion; he followed through the garden - but the was gone.

From this moment Vivaldifeemed to have arisen into a new existence; the whole world to him was Paradife; that fmile feemed impreffed upon his heart for ever. In the fulness of prefent joy, he believed it imports 331 fible that he could ever be unhappy again, and defied the utmost malice of future fortune. With footsteps light as air, he religion turned to Naples, nor once remembered to look for his old monitor on the way. I di brand

The Marchese and his mother being from home, he was left at his leifure to indulge the rapturous recollection, that preffed upon his mind, and of which he was impatient of a moment's interruption. All night he either traversed his apartment with an 1911 duch ignot agitation

agitation equal to that, which anxiety had so lately inflicted, or composed and destroyed letters to Ellena; sometimes fearing that he had written too much, and at others feeling that he had written too little; recollecting circumstances which he pught to have mentioned, and lamenting the cold expression of a passion, to which it appeared that he language could do justice.

By the hour when the domestics had rifen, he had, however, completed a letter fontewhat more to his satisfaction, and he dispatched it to the villa Altieri by a confidential person; but the servant had scarcely quitted the gates, when he recollected new arguments, which he wished to urge, and expressions to change of the utmost importance to enforce his meaning, and he would have given half the world to have recalled the message.

In this state of agitation he was summoned to arrend the Marchese, who had been too much engaged of late to keep his own appointment. Vivaldi was not long in doubt threly inflicted, or compafed and defication

taris I have wished to speak with you," faid the Marchefe, affirming an air of haughty feverity, "upon a fubject of the utmost importance to your honour and happiness; and I wished, also, to give you an opportunity of contradicting a report, which would have occasioned me confiderable uneafiness. if I could have believed it. Happily I had too much confidence in my fon to credit this; and I affirmed that he understood too well what was due both to his family and himfelf, to take any step derogatory from the dignity of either. My motive for this conversation, therefore, is merely to afford you a moment for refuting the calumny I shall mention, and to obtain for myself authority for contradicting it to the perfons who have communicated it to me." mount

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"It is daid," refumed the Marchefe, "that there is a young two man, who is called Ellena Rofalba, "I think that is the name; do you know any person of the name?"

"Do I know!" exclaimed Vivaldi, "but pardon me, pray proceed, my Lord."

The Marchefe paused, and regarded his son with sternness, but without surprize. It is faid, that a young person of this name has contrived to fascinate your affections, and

"It is most true, my Lord, that Signora Rosalba has won my affections," interrupted Vivaldi with honest impatience, "but without contrivance."

Marchele, interrupting in his turn. "It is faid that the has to antiully adapted her temper to yours, that, with the affiltance of a relation who lives with her, the has relation of her devoted fuitor."

"Signora Rofalba has, my Lord, exalted me to the honour of being her fuitor," faid Vivaldi, unable longer to command his feelings. He was proceeding, when the Marchefe abruptly checked him, "You avow your folly then!"

" My Lord, I glory in my choice."

"Young man," rejoined his father, "as this is the arrogance and romantic enthusiasm of a boy, I am willing to forgive it for once, and observe me, only for once. If you will acknowledge your error, instantly dismiss this new favourite."

land My Lord 1951 that sure now be gived to

stoneid.

You must instantly dismiss her," repeated the Marchele with sterner emphasis; "and, to prove that I am more merciful than just, I am willing, on this condition, to allow her a small annuity as some reparation for the depravity, into which you have assisted to sink her."

"My Lord!" exclaimed Vivaldi aghaft, and scarcely daring to trust his voice, "my Lord!—depravity?" struggling for breath.

" Who

"Who has dared to pollute her spotless fame by infulting your ears with such infamous falsehood? Tell me, I conjure you, instantly tell me, that I may hasten to give him his reward. Depravity I an annuity—an annuity! O Ellena! Ellena!" As he pronounced her name tears of tenderness mingled with those of indignation.

"Young man, i faid the Marchefe, who had observed the violence of his emotion with strong displeasure and alarm, "I do not lightly give faith to report, and I cannot suffer myself to doubt the truth of what I have advanced. You are deceived, and your vanity will continue the delusion, unless I condescend to exert, my authority, and tear the veil from your eyes. Dismiss her instantly, and I will adduce proof of her former character which will stagged even your faith, enthusiastic as it is if to make the

"Dismiss her !!" repeated Vivaldi, with calm yet stern energy, such as his father had never seen thim assume; "My Lord, you have never yet doubted my word, and

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I now pledge you that honourable word, that Ellena is innocent. Innocent! O heavens, that it should ever be necessary to affirm so, and, above all, that it should ever be necessary for me to vindicate her!"

"You have pledged your word, which I cannot question. I believe, therefore, that you think her virtuous, notwithstanding your thidright visits to her house. And grant she is, unhappy boy! what reparation can you make her for the infatuated folly, which has thus stained her character? What?

"By proclaiming to the world, my Lord, that the is worthy of becoming my wife," replied Vivaldi, with a glow of countenance, which announced the courage and the exultation of a virtuous mind.

"Your wife!" faid the Marchefe, with a look of ineffable disdain, which was instantly succeeded by one of angry alarm.—"
"If I believed you could so far forget what is due to the honour of your house, I would for ever disclaim you as my fon you brod

"O, why," exclaimed Vivaldi, in an agony of conflicting paffions, " why should I be in danger of forgetting what is due to a father, when I am only afferting what is due to innocence; when I am only defending her, who has no other to defend her! Why may not I be permitted to reconcile duties to congenial! But, be the event what it may, I will defend the oppressed, and glory in the virtue, which teaches me, that it is the first duty of humanity to do fo. Yes, my Lord, if it must be so, I am ready to facrifice inferior duties to the grandeur of a principle, which ought to expand all hearts and impel all actions. I shall best support the honour of my house by adhering to its dictates."

"Where is the principle," faid the Marchefe, impatiently, "which shall teach you to disobey a father; where is the virtue which shall instruct you to degrade your referve inviolate the duties of a for

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"There can be no degradation, my Lord, where there is no vice," replied Vivaldi; "and there are instances, pardon me, my Lord, there are some few instances in which it is virtuous to disobey."

"This paradoxical morality," faid the Marchefe, with passionate displeasure, "and this romantic language, sufficiently explain to me the character of your associates, and the innocence of her, whom you defend with so chivalric an air. Are you to learn, Signor, that you belong to your family, not your family to you; that you are only a guardian of its honour, and not at liberty to dispose of yourself? My patience will endure no more!"

Nor could the patience of Vivaldi endure this repeated attack on the honor of Ellena, But, while he yet afferted her innocence, he endeavoured to do so with the temper, which was due to the presence of a father; and, though he maintained the independence of a man, he was equally anxious to preserve inviolate the duties of a son. But

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unfortunately the Marchele and Vivaldi differed in opinion concerning the limits of these duties; the first extending them to passive obedience, and the latter conceiving them to conclude at a point, wherein the happiness of an individual is so deeply concerned as in marriage. They parted mutually inslamed; Vivaldi unable to prevail with his father to mention the name of his insamous informant, or to acknowledge himself convinced of Ellena's innocence; and the Marchele equally unsuccessful in his endeavours to obtain from his son a promise that he would see her no more.

Here then was Vivaldi, who only a few short hours before had experienced a happiness so supreme as to essage all impressions of the past, and to annihilate every consideration of the future; a joy so sull that it permitted him not to believe it possible that he could ever again taste of misery; he, who had selt as if that moment was as an eternity, rendering him independent of all others,—even he was thus soon fallen into

into the region of time and of fuffer-

The present consist of passion appeared endless; he loved his father, and would have been more shocked to consider the vexation he was preparing for him, had he not been resentful of the contempt he expressed for Ellena. He adored Ellena; and, while he felt the impractability of resigning his hopes, was equally indignant of the stander, which affected her name, and impatient to avenge the infult upon the original defamer.

Though the displeasure of his father concerning a marriage with Ellena had been already foreseen, the experience of it was severer and more painful than he had imagined; while the indignity offered to Ellena was as unexpected as intolerable. But this circumstance furnished him with an additional argument for addressing her; for, if it had been possible that his love could have paused, his honour seemed now engaged in her behalf; and, since he had been a means of sullying her same, it became his duty to restore

restore it. Willingly listening to the dictates of a duty so plausible, he determined to persevere in his original design. But his first efforts were directed to discover her slanderer, and recollecting, with surprize, those words of the Marchese, which had confessed a knowledge of his evening visits to the villa Altieri, the doubtful warnings of the mank seemed explained. He believed that this man was at once the spy of his steps, and the defamer of his love, till the inconfishency of such conduct with the seeming friendlines of his admonitions, struck Vivalditud compelled him to believe the contrary.

Meanwhile, the heart of Ellena had been little less tranquil. It was divided by love and pride; but had she been acquainted with the circumstances of the late interview between the Marchese and Vivaldi, it would have been divided no longer, and a just regard for her own dignity would instantly have taught her to subdue, without difficulty, this infant affection.

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Signora Bianchi had informed her hiere of the subject of Vivaldi's win; but the had softeneds the objectionable scircumstances that attended his proposal, and had, at first, merely hinted that it was not to be supposed his family would approve a connection with any person so much their infection in rank as herself. Ellens, alarmed by this suggestion, replied, that, since she believed so, she had done right to reject Vivaldi's suit; but her sigh, as she said this, did not escape the observation of Signora Bianchi, who ventured to add, that she had not absolutely rejected his offers.

While in this and future conversations, Ellena was pleased to perceive her secret admiration thus justified by an approbation so indisputable as that of her aunt, and was willing to believe that the circumstance, which had alarmed her just pride, was not so humiliating as she at first imagined, Bianchi was careful to conceal the real considerations, which had induced her to listen to Vivaldi, being well assured that they

would have no weight with Ellena, whole generous heart and inexperienced mind would have revolted from mingling any motives of interest with an engagement so facred as that of marriage. When, however, from further deliberation upon the advantages, which fuch an alliance must fecure for, her niece, Signora Bianchi determined to encourage his views, and to direct the mind of Ellena, whose affections were already engaged on her fide, the opinions of the latter were found less ductile than had been expected. She was shocked at the idea of entering clandestinely the family of Vivaldi. But Bianchi, whose infirmities urged her wishes, was now so strongly convinced of the prudence of fuch an engagement for her niece, that she determined to prevail over her reluctance, though the perceived that this must be by means more gradual and perfualive than fhe had believed neceffary. On the evening, when Vivaldi had furprised from Ellena an acknowledgment of her fentiments, her embarrassment and vexation,

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vexation, on her returning to the house, and relating what had occurred, sufficiently expressed to Signora Bianchi the exact situation of her heart. And when, on the following morning, his letter arrived, written with the simplicity and energy of truth, the aunt neglected not to adapt her remarks upon it, to the character of Ellena, with her usual address.

Vivaldi, after the late interview with the Marchele, passed the remainder of the day in considering various plans, which might discover to him the person, who had abused the credulity of his father; and in the evening he returned once more to the villa Altieri, not in secret, to serenade the dark balcony of his mistress, but openly, and to converse with Signora Bianchi, who now received him more courteously than on his former visit. Attributing the anxiety in his countenance to the uncertainty, concerning the disposition of her niece, she was neither surprised or offended, but ventured to relieve him from a part of it, by encouraging

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his hopes. Vivaldi dreaded left she should enquire further respecting the sentiments of his family, but she spared both his delicacy and her own on this point; and, after a conversation of considerable length, he left the villa Altieri with a heart somewhat soothed by approbation, and lightened by hope, although he had not obtained a sight of Ellena. The disclosure she had made of her sentiments on the preceding evening, and the hints she had received as to those of his family, still wrought upon her mind with too much effect to permit an interview.

Soon after his return to Naples, the Marchela, whom he was surprised to find disengaged, sent for him to her closet, where a scene passed similar to that which had occurred with his father, except that the Marchela was more dexterous in her questions, and more subtle in her whole conduct; and that Vivaldi, never for a moment, forgot the decorum which was due to a mother. Managing

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his passions, rather than exasperating them, and deceiving him with respect to the degree of refentment the felt from his choice, the was less paffionate than the Marchele in her observations and menaces, perhaps, only because she entertained more hope than he did of preventing the evil she contemplated line impunconqualed heatown

Vivaldi quitted her, unconvinced by her arguments, unfubtued by her prophecies, and unmoved in his defiguel in Herwas not alarmed, because he did not sufficiently underland her character to apprehend her purpoles. Despairing to effect these by open violence, the called in an auxiliary of no mean talents, and whole character and views well adapted him to be an infrument; in her hands. It was, perhaps, the bale-i nels of her own heart, not either depth of reflexion or keenness of penetration, which enabled her too understand the mature of his and the determined to modulate that nature to her own views not entorby sent and There

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There lived in the Dominican convent of the Spirito Santo, at Naples, a man called father Schedoni , an Italian, as his name imported, but whole family was unknown and from some circumstances, it appeared, that he wished to throw an impenetrable veil over his origin. For whatever reason, he was never heard to mention a relative, or the place of his nativity, and he had artfully eluded every enquiry that approached the subject, which the curiosity. of his affociates had occasionally prompted. There were circumstances, however, which appeared to indicate him to be a man of birth, and of fallen fortune; his spirit, as ir had fometimes looked forth from under the dispuise of his manners, formed lofty; it shewed not however, the aspirings of a generous minds but rather the gloomy pride of a diappointed one il Some dew persons in the convents who had sbeen interested by his appearance; believed that the peculiarities of his manners, his fevere referre and unconquerable filence his folitary

litary habits and frequent penances, were the effect of misfortunes preving upon a Haughty and difordered spirit; while others conjectured them the confequence of fome hideous crime gnawing upon an awakened confeience. Detailing allandings macquis

He would fometimes abstract himself from the fociety for whole days together, or when with fuch a disposition he was compelled to mingle with it, he feemed unconfeious where he was, and continued shrouded in meditation and filence till he was again alone. There were times when it was unknown whither he had retired, notwithflanding that his steps had been watched, and his customary haunts examined. No one ever heard him complain. If The elder brothers of the convent faid that he had ytalents, but denied him learning; they apwplauded him for the profound fubilety which he occasionally discovered in largument, but observed that he seldem perceived truth when it lay on the furface; he could follow it through all the laby minths litary

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of disquisitions bat goverlooked in when he was undifiguilled before him mountain their cared not for truth, nor fought itable bold and brond argument, but loved to exort the willy curning of his mature in thanting tien through artificial perplexities. At lengthed from a habit of intricacy and fuspicion, this vitiated mind could receive nothing form truth, which was simple and easily compressed head who with period to be a first level being the

Among his affociates no one loved him many difliked him, and more feared him. His figure, was striking, but not fo from grace, it was tall, and, though extremely thing his limbs were large and uncouth, and as he stalked along, wrapt in the black garments of his order, there was fomething terrible in its air; fomething almost superhumanity His cowly too, as it threw a fluden over the livid palenels of his face, encrease ed its fevere character, and gave an effect to his darge melancholy eye, which appreached to horror. His was not the melancholy of a fentible and wounded heart, which of

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but apparently that of a gloomy and feres cious disposition. There was something in his physiognomy extremely singular, and s that can not easily be defined in It hore the traces of many passions, which seemed to have fixed the features they no longer and mated. An habitual gloom and feverity prevailed oven the deep lines of his countenance, and his eyes were fo piercing that they feemed to penetrate, at a fingle glance of into the hearts of men, and to read their mole fecret thoughts few perfore coulds fupport their derutiny, or even endure to ill meet them twice of Yet, notwithstanding and all this gloom and aufterity; fome rare ocuiti casions of interest had called forth a characo ter upon his countenance entirely different; and he could adapt himfelf to the tempers and passions of persons, whom he wished and to conciliate, with affonishing facility, and generally with complete triumph. This monky this Schedoni, was the confessor and secret adviser of the Marchela di Vivaldi. In the first effervescence of pride and indignations - E 5 dunce. which

which the discovery of her son's intended marriage occasioned, she consulted him on the means of preventing it, and the foon perceived that his talents promifed to equal her wishes. Each possessed, in a considerable degree, the power of affilting the other; Schedoni had fubtlety with ambition to urge it; and the Marchefa had inexorable pride, and courtly influence; the one hoped to obtain a high benefice for his fervices, and the other to fecure the imaginary dignity of her house, by her gifts. Prompted by fuch paffions, and allured by fuch views, they concerted in private, and unknown even to the Marchefe, the means of accomplishing their general end.

Vivaldi, as he quitted his mother's closet, had met Schedoni in the corridor leading thither. He knew him to be her confessor, and was not much surprised to see him, though the hour was an unusual one. Schedoni bowed his head, as he passed, and assumed a meek and holy countenance; but Vivaldi, as he eyed him with a penetrating glance,

glance, now recoiled with involuntary emotion; and it feemed as if a shuddering prefentiment of what this monk was preparing lafor him had croffed his mind to bevisored Aber wither, Each possibled, in a considerrable, degrees the powers of a filling the Speklar ; Schedini had suntery with ambition to urge us and the Marchela-had ingenerable pride, and courtly influence; the base heped in obtained high benefice forthis village Africa which and from the time. Deline Edgere dient work, Downer glies. it Problèmed Brededlipsenous, and allored by which views, they concerned in private, and acknown even to the Marcheley the means ्रात है तरक प्रमाणकान गंभी प्रतिकार कार्या है विश्व accomplished using quinted his appeller's diglet, intell the delication and included that the by Algerit He aned him to be her confesion, taked was not need forpelled to fee thing tion of the the House was the supplied sone. bus as Reg ed et alled en liberod fuelle ASBra b affects which and bong countenance; but advisable, as he eyed min'ty the a penetraing clance.

to happens to long as he had an opposit.

Signora Bianthi 194 H. Rowledged to

Art thou fome God, fome Angel, or fome Devil 18 of That mak'ft my blood cold, and my hair to fland? Speak to me, what thou art."

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confiderations of the lentiments of IVALDI, from the period of his last visit to Altieri, was admitted a frequent vifitor to Signora Bianchi, and Ellena was, at length, prevailed upon to join the party, when the conversation was always on indif-Bianchi, understanding the ferent topics. disposition of her niece's affections, and the accomplished mind and manners of Vivaldi, judged that he was more likely to fucceed to by filent attentions than by a formal declaration of his fentiments. By fuch declara-odi tion, Ellena, till her heart was more engaged in his cause, would, perhaps, have sit been alarmed into an absolute rejection of his me addrelles, and this was every day less likely

nity of conversing with her

Signora Bianchi had acknowledged to Vivaldi that he had no rival to apprehend; that Ellena had uniformly rejected every admirer who had hitherto discovered her within the shade of her retirement, and that her present reserve proceeded more from considerations of the sentiments of his family than from disapprobation of himself. He forbore, therefore, to press his suit, till he should have secured a stronger interest in her heart, and in this hope he was encouraged by Signora Bianchi, whose gentle remonstrances in his favour became every day more pleasing and more convincing.

Several weeks passed away in this kind of intercourse, till Ellena, yielding to the representations of Signora Bianchi, and to the pleadings of her own heart, received Vivaldi as an acknowledged admirer, and the sentiments of his family were no longer remembered, or, if remembered, it was

with a flope that they might be overcome by confiderations more powerful tradupartu mel The lovers, with Signora Blanchi andra Signor Giotto, la diffant frelation of the latter, frequently made excursions in the delightful environs of Naples; for Vivaldi was no longer anxious to conceal his attachment, but wished to contradict any report injurious to his love, by the publicity of his conduct; while the confideration, that Ellena's name had fuffered by his late imprudence, contributed, with the unfulpecting innocence and fweetness of her manners towards him, who had been the occasion of her injuries, to mingle a facred pity with his love, which obliterated all family politics from his mind, and bound her irrecoverably to his heart. his advise admisolo

Puzzuell, Baia, or the woody cliffs of Paufilippo, and as, on their return, they glided along the moon-light bay, the melodies of Italian strains seemed to give enchantment to the scenery of its shore. At this cool

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shoursthe roises of the vine-dreffers were frequently iheard in trio, as they repoled, cafter the latiour of the day, on some pleashat promoners under the shade of poplars; or the brisk music of the dance from fishermen, on the margin of the waves below The bontnien refted on their oars, while their company listened to voices modulated by fensibility to finer elequence, than is in the power of art alone to display; and at others, while they observed the airy natural grace, which diftinguishes the dance of the fishermen and peafants of Naples. Frequently as they glided round a promontory, whose shaggy masses impended far over the fea, fuch magic feenes of beauty unfolded, adorned by these dancing groups on the bay beyond, as no pencil could do justice to. The deep clear waters reflected every image of the landscape, the cliffs, branching into wild forms, crowned with groves, whole rough foliage often fprend down their steeps in picturesque luxuriance; the ruined villa on fome bold point, peeping bdiagr

ing through the trees in peafants cabins hanging on the precipices, and the dancing of figures on the firand Hall touched with the filvery tint and foft shadows of moon-light. On the other hand, the fea trembling with a long line of radiance, and thewing in the clear distance the fails of vestels stealing in every direction along its furface, prefented a prospect as grand as the landscape was beautiful most on the wor the wor countries a then o

One evening that Vivaldi fat with Ellena and Signora Bianchi, in the very pavilion on where he had overheard that short but interefting foliloquy, which affured him of her regard, he pleaded with more than his usual earnestness for a speedy marriage Bianchi did not oppose his arguments; she had been unwell for fome time, and, believing herfelf to be declining fast, was ankious to have their nuptials concluded. She furveyed with languid eyes, the fcene that fpread before the pavilion. The strong effulgence which a fetting fun threw over the lea, thewing innumerable gaily painted thips, and fifting referencesse

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boats deturning from Santa Lucial anto the portriofel Naples bitade no longer power itora cheer hery believe the Roman tower that an terminated the imole below, touched as it will was with the flanting rays; and the various ( figures of fifthermen, who lay fmoking beneath its walls, in the long shadow, or stood in the fundtine on the beach, watching the vo approaching boats of their comrades, combined a picture which was no longer interefting A Mas I'm faid fhe, breaking from meditative filence, "this fun for glo-bas rious, which lights up all the various country louring of these shores, and the glownof thole majeftic mountains salas lall feel that it will not long thine for me my eyes must foon close upon the prospect for everyllounger.

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To Ellena's tender reproach for this melancholy suggestion Bianchi replied only by expressing an earnest wish to witness the certainty of her being protected; adding, that this
must be soon, or she should not live to see
it. Ellena, extremely shocked both by this
presage of her aunt's fate, and by the director

reference

reference made to her own condition in the presence of Vivaldi, burth into teas; while bear supported by the wishes of Signora Bianchi, urged his fuit with encreased interesting and passes

"This is not a time for fallidious feruples," faid Bianchi, "now that a folemn
truth calls out to us. My dear girl, I will
not difguife my feelings; they affure me
I have not long to live. Grant me then
the only request I have to make, and my
last hours will be comforted."

hand of her niece, "This will, no doubt, be an awful separation to us both, and it must also be a mournful one, Signor," turning to Vivaldi, "for the has been as a daughter to me, and I have, I trust, fulfilled to her the duties of a mother. Judge then, what will be her feelings when I am no more. But it will be your care to footh them."

foken i her aunt, however, proceeded.

"My own feelings would now be little less poignants if I did not believe that I was confiding her to a tenderness, which cannot diminish; that I should prevail with her to accept the protection of a husband. To you, Signor, I commit the legacy of my child. Watch over her future moments, guard her from inquietude as vigilantly as I have done, and, if possible, from miffortune! I have yet much to say, but my spirits are exhausted."

While he listened to this facred charge, and recollected the injury Ellena had already sustained for his sake, by the cruel obliquy which the Marchese had thrown upon her character, he suffered a degree of generous indignation, f, which he scarcely could conceal the cause, and a succeeding tentlerness that almost melted him to tears; and he secretly wowed to defend her same and protect her peace, at the facrifice of every other consideration.

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tion, gave Ellena's hand to Vivaldi, who

received it with emotion fuch as his countenance, only, could express, and with following fervour railing his eyes to heaven, vowed that he never would betray the confidence thus repoted in him, but would watch over the happinels of Ellena with a care as tender, as anxious, and as unceating as her own; that from this moment he confidered himself bound by ties not less facred than those which the church confers, to defend her as his wife, and would do to to the latest moment of his existence. As he said this, the truth of his feelings appeared in the energy of his manner wind on malblaviv

Ellena, fill weeping, and agitated by various confiderations, lpoke not, but with. drawing the handkerchief from her face, the looked at him through her tehrs, with a finite to meek, to affectionate, to timid, yet to confiding, as expretted all the mingled emotions of her heart, and appealed more eloquently to his, than the most energetic language could have done in antigo in a

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Before Vivaldi left the villa, he had some further conversation with Signora Bianchi, when it was agreed that the nuptials should be solemnized, on the following week, if Ellena could be prevailed on to confirm her consent so soon; and that when he returned the next day, her determination would probably be made known to him.

He departed for Naples once more with the lightly-bounding steps of joy, which, however, when he arrived there, was somewhat alloyed by a message from the Marchese, demanding to see him in his cabinet. Vivaldianticipated the subject of the interview, and obeyed the summons with reluctance.

He found his father so absorbed in thought, that he did not immediately per ceive him. On raising his eyes from the shoor, where discontent and perplexity seemed to have held them, he fixed a stern regard on Vivaldi. "I understand," faid the, "that you persist in the unworthy pursuit against which I warned you. I have best you thus long to your own discretion, because

because I was willing to afford you an opportunity of retracting with grace the declaration, which you have dared to make me
of your principles and intentions; but your
conduct has not therefore been the less obferved. I am informed that your visits have
been as frequent at the residence of the unhappy young woman, who was the subject
of our former conversation, as formerly,
and that you are as much infatuated.

lordship means," said Vivaldi, "the is not unhappy; and I do not scruple to own, that I am as sincerely attached to her as ever. Why, my dear father," continued he, subduing the feelings which this degrading mention of Ellena had aroused, "why will you persist in opposing the happiness of your son; and above all, why will you continue to think unjustly of her, who deserves your admiration, as much as my love?"

Marchele, and that the age of boying

credulity is past with me, I do not wisfully close my mind against examination, but am directed by proof and yield to conviction.

"What proof is it, my Lord, that has thus easily convinced you?" said Vivaldi; "Who is it that persists in abusing your confidence, and in destroying my peace?"

The Marchele haughtily reproved his for fuch doubts and questions, and a long convertation ensued, which seemed neither to reconcile the interests or the opinions of either party. The Marchele persisted in accusation and menace; and Vivaldi in defending Ellena, and in affirming, that his affections and intentions were irrecoverable.

Not any art of perfuation could prevail with the Marchele to adduce his proofs, or deliver up the name of his informer; nor any menace awe Vivaldi into a renunciation of Ellena; and they parted mutually diffatisfied. The Marchele had failed on this occasion to act with his usual policy, for his menaces and accurations had aroused spirit

redulity

and indignation, when kindness and gentle remonstrance would certainly have awakened filial affection, and might have occafioned a contest in the breast of Vivaldi. Now, no struggle of opposing duties divided his resolution. He had no hesitation on the fubject of their dispute; but, regarding his father as a haughty oppressor who would rob him of his most facred right, and as one who did not scruple to stain the name of the innocent and the defenceless, when his interest required it, upon the doubtful authority of a base informer, he suffered neither pity or remorle to mingle with the refolution of afferting the freedom of his nature; and was even more anxious than before, to conclude a marriage which he believed would fecure his own happiness, and the reputation of Ellena, most suspense

He returned, therefore, on the following day to the villa Altieri, with encreased impatience to learn the result of Signora Bianchi's further conversation with her nieces and the day on which the nuptials might

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be folemnized. On the way thither, his thoughts were wholly occupied by Ellena. and he proceeded mechanically, and without observing where he was, till the shade which the well-known arch threw over the road recalled him to local circumstances, and a voice instantly arrested his attention. It was the voice of the monk, whole figure again passed before him. "Go not to the villa Altieri," it faid folemnly, " for death is in the house!"

Before Vivaldi could recover from the diffusy into which this abrupt affertion and fudden appearance had thrown him, the firanger was gone. He had escaped in the gloom of the place, and feemed to have retired into the obscurity, from which he had so suddenly emerged, for he was not seen to depart from under the archway. Vivaldi purfued him with his voice, conjuring him to appear, and demanding who was dead; but no voice replied.

Believing that the Stranger could not have escaped unseen from the arch by any way,

VOL. I.

but that leading to the fortress above, Vivaldi began to alcend the steps, when, considering that the more certain means of understanding this awful affertion would be, to go immediately to the villa Altieri, he left this portentous ruin, and hastened thither.

An indifferent person would probably have understood the words of the monk to allude to Signora Bianchi, whole infirm state of health rendered her death, though, fudden, not improbable; but to the affrighted fancy of Vivaldi, the dying Ellena only appeared. His fears, however probabilities might fanction, or the event justify them, were natural to ardent affection; but they were accompanied by a presentiment as extraordinary as it was horrible; -it occurred to him more than once, that Ellena was murdered. He faw her wounded, and bleeding to death; faw her ashy countenance, and her walting eyes, from which the spirit of life was fast departing, turned piteoully on himself, as if imploring him to fave her from the fate that was dragging

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dragging her to the grave. And when he reached the boundary of the garden, his whole frame trembled to, with horrible apprehension, that he relted a while, unable to venture further towards the truth. length, he lummoned courage to dare it, and, unlocking a private gate, of which he had lately received the key, because it spared him a confiderable distance of the road to Naples, he approached the house. Every place around it was filent and forlaken; many of the lattices were closed, and, as he endeavoured to collect from every trivial circumstance some conjecture, his spirits still funk as he advanced, till, having arrived within a few paces of the portico, all his fears were confirmed. He heard from within a feeble found of lamentation, and then some notes of that folemn and peculiar kind of recitative, which is in some parts of Italy the requiem of the dying. The founds were to low and distant that they only mustmured on his ear; but, without pauling for information, he rushed into the portico;

and knocked loudly at the folding doors, now closed against him.

After repeated furnmonfes, Beatilee, the old house-keeper, appeared. She did not wait for Vivaldi's enquiries. "Alas! Signor," faid she, "alas-a-day! who would have thought it; who would have expected such a change as this! It was only yester-evening that you was here, "she was then as well as I am; who would have thought that she would be dead to-day?"

"She is dead, then!" exclaimed Vivaldi, struck to the heart; "she is dead!" staggering towards a pillar of the hall, and endeavouring to support himself against it. Beatrice, shocked at his condition, would have gone for affistance, but he waved her to stay. "When did she die," said she, drawing breath with difficulty, "how and where?"

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plied Beatrice, weeping; who would have thought that I should live to fee this day!

I hoped to have laid down my old bones in peace."

and fluings below interent set what has caused her death? interent to the die ? "
did she die ?"

Signor; about two o'clock. O miferable day, that I should live to see it!

felf; "lead me to her apartment,—I must fee her. Do not hesitate, lead me on."

Why should you wish to see her? Be perbinaded; do not go, Signor; it is a woeful

Lead me on," repeated Vivaldi stern-

Beatrice, terrified by his look and gefture, no longer opposed him, begging only that he would wait till she had informed wher lady of his arrival; but he followed ther closely up the staircase and along a becorridor that led round the west side of the

occasion

house, which brought him to a suite of chambers darkened by the closed lattices, through which he paffed towards the one where the body day. The requiem had ceased, and no found disturbed the awful stillness that prevailed in these deserted rooms. At the door of the last apartment, where he was compelled to stop, his agitation was fuch, that Beatrice, expecting every instant to fee him fink to the floor, made an effort to support him with her feeble aid, but he gave a figual for her to retire. He foon recovered himself and passed into the chamber of death, the folemnity of which might have affected him in any other state of his spirits; but these were now too severely proffed upon by real fuffering to feel the influence of local circumfrances. Approaching the bed on which the corple was laid, he raised his eyes to the mourner who hung weeping over it, and beheld - Ellena! who, furprized by this fudden intrusion, and still more by the agitation of Vivaldi, repeatedly demanded the occasion bingod

occasion of it. But he had neither power or inclination to explain a circumstance, which must deeply wound the heart of Ellena, fince it would have told that the same event, which excited her grief, accidentally inspired his joy.

He did not long intrude upon the factedness of forrow, and the short time he remained was employed in endeavours to command his own emotion and to loothe her's.

When he left Ellena, he had some conversation with Beatrice, as to the death of Signora Bianchi, and understood that she had retired to rest on the preceding night apparently in her usual state of health. "It was about one in the morning, Signor," continued Beatrice, "I was waked out of my first sleep by a noise in my lady's chamber. It is a grievous thing to me, Signor, to be waked from my first sleep, and I, Santa Maria forgive me! was angry at being disturbed! So I would not get up, but laid my head upon the pillow again,

and tried to fleep; but presently I heard the noise again; nay now, says L somebody must be up in the house, that's certain. I had scarcely said so, Signor, when I heard my young lady's voice calling 'Beatrice! Beatrice!' Ah! poor young lady! she was indeed in a sad fright, as well she might. She was at my door in an instant, and looked as pale as death, and trembled so! 'Beatrice,' faid she, 'rise this moment; my aunt is dying.' She did not stay for my answer, but was gone directly. Santa Maria protect me! I thought I should have swooned outright."

"Well, but your lady?" faid Vivaldi, whose patience the tedious circumlocution of old Beatrice had exhausted.

Ah! my poor lady! Signor, I thought
I never should have been able to reach her
room; and when I got there, I was scarcely more alive than herself.—There she lay
on her bed! O it was a grievous sight to
see! there she lay, looking so piteously; I
saw she was dying. She could not speak,
though

though the tried often, but the was fentible, for the would look fo at Signora Ellena, and then try again to speak; It almost broke one's heart to fee her! Something feemed to lie upon her mind, and the tried almost to the last to tell it; and as she grafped Signora Ellena's hand, the would Till look up in her face with fuch doleful expression as no one who had not a heart of stone could bear. My poor young mistrefs was quite overcome by it, and cried as if her heart would break. Poor young lady! The bas loft a friend indeed, fuch a one as the must never hope to see again." But the shall find one as firm and af-

fectionate as the last!" exclaimed Vivaldi fervently, about expanded blo

The good Saint grant it may prove To!" replied Beatrice, doubtingly. All that could be done for our dear lady, The continued, " was tried, but with no avail! She could not fwallow what the Doctor offered her. She grew fainter and fainter, yet would often utter fuch deep fighs, and then e-though would

would grasp my hand so hard! At last she turned her eyes from Signora Ellera, and they grew duller and fixed; and she seemed not to see what was before her. Alas! I knew them she was going; her hand did not pressmine as it had done a minute or two before, and a deadly coldness was upon its! Her sace changed so too in a few minutes! This was about two o'clock, and she died before her confessor could admit nifter."

Beatrice cealed to speak, and wept; Vivaldi almost wept with her, and it was some time before he could command his voice sufficiently to enquire, what were the symptoms of Signora Bianchi's disorder, and whether she had ever been thus suddenly attacked before.

"Never, Signor!" replied the old housekeeper; " and though, to be fure, she has long been very infirm, and going down, as one may fay, yet,"

"What is it you mean?" faid Vivaldi.is

"Do speak intelligibly," faid Vivaldi, "you need not apprehend centure from med by blue rolledges red enoted by a sil

"Not from you, Signor, but if the report should get abroad, and it was known that I had fet it a going."

faid Vivaldi, with encreased impatience, tell me, with encreased impatience, tell me, without fear, all that you conjecture. If need to bed ed redient

Well then, Signor, I will own, that I do not like the fuddenness of my hady's death, no, nor the manner of it, nor her appearance after death!

Speak explicitly, and to the point," faid, Vivaldi, and morning is a radiv

"Nay Signor, there are some folks that will not understand if you speak ever so plain, I am sure I speak plain enough. If I might tell my mind,—I do not believe she came fairly by her death at last!"

"How!" faid Vivaldi, "your reasons?"

- "Nay, Signor, I have given them already; I faid I did not like the fuddenness of her death, nor her appearance after, nor"—
- "Good heaven!" interrupted Vivaldi,

"you mean poison!" and have low hor by "Hush, Signor, hush! I do not say that; but she did not seem to die naturally." how

"Who has been at the villa lately?" faid Vivaldi, in a tremulous voice.

"Alas! Signor, nobody has been here; the lived fo privately that the faw nobody."

"Not one person?" said Vivaldi, "confider well, Beatrice, had she no visitor?"

"Not of a long while, Signor, no vifitors but yourfelf and her cousin Signor Giotto. The only other person that has been within these walls for many weeks, to the convent, who comes for the filks my young plain, I am fure I speak respectively and the like my plain.

Embroiders! What convent? Haim

"The Santa Maria della Pieta, yonder, Signor; if you will step this way to the window, I will shew it you. Yonder, among the woods on the hill-side, just above those gardens that stretch down to the bay. There is an olive ground close beside it, and observe, Signor, there is a red and yellowish ridge of rocks rises over the woods higher still, and looks as if it would fall down upon those old spires. Have you found it, Signor?"

"How long is it fince this fifter came

here?" faid Vivaldi.

AdjoU -

"Three weeks at least, Signor."

And you are certain that no other person has called within that time?

"No other, Signor, except the fisherman and the gardener, and a man who brings maccaroni, and such fort of things; for it is fuch a long way to Naples, Signor, and I have to little time on that he was I have for little time on the little time.

"Three weeks, fay you! You faid three weeks, I think? Are you certain as to this?"

Pieta! Do you believe, Signor, that we could fall for three weeks! Why, they call almost every day."

I fpeak of the nun," faid Vivalding with

o yes, Signor," replied Beatrice; "it is that, at least, fince the was here!"

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"This is strange!" said Vivaldi, musing, but I will talk with you some other time. Meanwhile, I wish you could contrive that I should see the face of your deceased lady, without the knowledge of Signora Ellena. And, observe me, Beatrice, be strictly silent as to your surmises concerning her death: do not suffer any negligence to betray your suspicions to your young mistress. Has she any suspicions herself of the same nature."

were he thought, of a different tone, and

nora Ellena had none; and promited faith; fully to observe his injunctions.

He then left the villa, meditating on the circumstances he had just learned, and on the prophetic affertion of the monk, between whom, and the cause of Bianehi's fudden death, he could not forbear furmifing there was fome connection; and it now occurred to him, and for the first time, that this monk, this mysterious stranger, was no other than Schedoni, whom he had observed of late going more frequently than ufual, to his mother's aparement." He almost started, in horror of the suspicion, to which this conjecture led, and precipitately rejected its as a posion that would deflrov his own peace for ever. But though he instantly dismissed the suspicion, the conjecture returned to his mind, and he endeavoured to recollect the voice and figure of the fivanger, that he might compare them with those of the confessor. The voices were, he thought, of a different tone, and the

the persons of a different height and proportion. This companion, however, did not forbid lim to furnish that the stranger was an agent of the confesior's; that he was, at least, a secret spy upon his actions, and the defamer of Ellena; while both, if mdeed there were two perforts concerned, appeared to be at the command of his parents. Fired with indignation of the unworthy arts that he believed to have been employed against him, and impatient to meet the slanderer of Ellena, he determined to attempt some decisive step towards a discovery of the truth, and either to compel the confessor to reveal it to him, or to fearch out his agent, who, he fancied, was occasionally a refident within the ruins of Paluzzi.

The inhabitants of the convent, which Beatrice had pointed out, did not escape his consideration, but no reason appeared for supposing them the enemies of his Ellena, who, on the contrary, he understood had been for some years amicably connected with them. The embroidered sike, of which

which the old servant had spoken, sufficiently explained the nature of the connection, and discovering more fully the circumstances of Ellena's fortune, her conduct heightened the tender admiration, with which he had hitherto regarded her.

The hints for suspicion which Beatrice had given respecting the cause of her mistress's decease, incessantly recurred to him; and it appeared extraordinary, and fometimes in the highest degree improbable, that any person could be sufficiently interested in the death of a woman apparently to blameless, as to administer poison to her. What motive could have prompted fo horrible a deed, was still more inexplicable. It was true that the had long been in a declining state; yet the suddenness of her departure and the fingularity of fome circumstances preceding as well as some appearances that had followed it, compelled Vivaldi to doubt as to the caufe. He believed, however, that, after having feen the corpfe, his doubts must vanish; and Beatrice had promifed. doidas

mifed, that, if he could return in the evening, when Ellena had retired to rest, he should be permitted to visit the chamber of the deceased. There was something repugnant to his feelings, in going thus fecretly, or, indeed, at all, to the residence of Ellena at this delicate period, yet it was necessary he should introduce there some medical professor, on whose judgment he could reft, respecting the occasion of Bianchi's death; and as he believed he should fo foon acquire the right of vindicating the honour of Ellena, that confideration did not fo feriously affect him as otherwise it would have done. The enquiry which called him thither was, besides, of a nature too folemn and important to be lightly religned so he had, therefore, told Beatrice he would be punctual to the hour the appointed. His intention to fearch for the monk was thus again interrupted by salt is about allow by the

Schedorn wurst deeply engaged hat tent. reriations, that he did not immediately personed with a did not for a monient examining.

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raifed, that, if he could return in the evenmg, when Ellena had retired to refl, the should be permitted Achvist the chamber of the deceased. There was something re-

Unfold the impenetrable mystery,

That fets your foul and you at endless discord."

HEN Vivaldi returned to Naples, he enquired for the Marchela, of whom he wished to ask some questions concerning Schedoni, which, though he scarcely expected they would be explicitly answered, might yet lead to part of the truth he sought for.

The Marchela was in her diofet, and Vivaldi found the confesior with her. "This man crosses me, like my evil genius," faid he to himself as he entered, but I will know whether he deserves my suspicions before I leave the room."

Schedoni was so deeply engaged in conversation, that he did not immediately perceive Vivaldi, who stood for a moment examining

examining his countenance, and tracing lubjects for curiolity in its deep lines. His eyes, while he fpoke, were cast downward, and his features were fixed in an expression at once severe and crafty. The Marchela was listening with deep attention, her head inclined towards him, as if to catch the lowest murmur of his voice, and her face picturing the anxiety and vexation of her mind. This was evidently a conference, not a confession.

Vivaldi advancing, the monk raised his eyes; his countenance suffered no change, as they met those of Vivaldi. He rose, but did not take leave, and returned the slight and somewhat haughty salutation of Vivaldi, with an inclination of the head, that indicated a pride without pettishness, and a firmness bordering on contempt.

The Marchela, on perceiving her fon, was somewhat embarrassed, and her brow, before slightly contracted by vexation, now frowned with severity. Yet it was an involuntary emotion, for she endeavoured to chace

chace the expression of it with a smile.
Vivaldi liked the smile still less than the
frown.

Schedoni feated himself quietly, and began, with almost the ease of a man of the world, to converse on general topics. Vivaldi, however, was referved and filent; he knew not how to begin a conversation, which might lead to the knowledge he defired, and the Marchefa did not relieve him from the difficulty. His eye and his ear affifted him to conjecture at least, if not to obtain the information he wished; and, as he listened to the deep tones of Schedoni's voice, he became almost certain, that they were not the accents of his unknown advifer, though he confidered, at the fame moment, that it was not difficult to diffuile, or to feign a voice. His stature seemed to decide the question more reasonably; for the figure of Schedoni appeared taller than that of the stranger; and though there was fomething of resemblance in their which Vivaldi had never observed before, he dhare

he again considered, that the habit to bothe fame order, which each wore, mightreality occasion an artificial resemblance. of the likeness, as to countenance, he could not? judge, fince the firanger's had been formuch shrouded by his cowl, that Wivaldil had never distinctly seen a single feature. Sche doni's hood was now thrown back for that he could not compare even the air of their heads under similar circumstances; but as he remembered to have feen the confessor on a former day approaching his mother's closet with the cowl shading his face, the fame gloomy feverity feemed to characterized both, and nearly the fame terrible portrait. was drawn on his fancy. Yet this again might be only an artificial effect, a chart racter which the cowl alone gave to their head; and any face feen imperfectly beneathed its dark shade, might have appeared equally fevere- Vivaldi was fill extremely perplexed in his opinion. One circumstance, however, seemed to throw some light on his judgment. The stranger had appeared

in the diable beamonk, and, are vivaldi's transient observation might be truled, he wast of the every fame order with that of Schedonion Vet if he were Schedonf, of even his agent, it was not probable that he would have shewn himself in a dress that might lead to a discovery of his person. That he was anxious for concealment, his manner had firongly proved sit feemed then. that this habit of a monk was only a difguile, affumed for the purpole of milleading conjecture. Vivaldi, however, determined to put fome questions to Schedoni, and at the fame time to observe their effect on his countenance. He took occasion to notice fome drawings of ruins, which ornamented the cabinet of the Marchefa, and to fay that the foreress of Paluzzi was worthy of beling added to her collection. WYou have feed to lately, perhaps, reverend father, added Vivaldi, with a penetrating glance.

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"That arch," relumed Vivaldi, his eye still fixed on Schedoni, "that arch suspended between two rocks, the one overtopped by the towers of the sources, the other shadowed with pine and broad oak, has a fine effect. But a picture of it would want human figures. Now either the grotesque shapes of banditti lurking within the ruin, as if ready to start out upon the traveller, or a friar rolled up in his black garments, just stealing forth from under the shade of the arch, and looking like some supernatural messenger of evil, would finish the piece."

The features of Schedoni suffered no change during this speech. "Your picture is complete," faid he, "and I cannot but admire the facility with which you have classed the monks together with banditti."

"Your pardon, holy father," faid Vivaldi, "I did not draw a parallel between them."

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During the latter part of this conversation, if conversation it may be called, the
Marchesa had followed a servant, who had
brought her a letter, out of the apartment,
and as the confessor appeared to await her
return, Vivaldi determined to press his enquiry. "It appears, however," said he,
"that Palluzzi, if not haunted by robbers,
is at least frequented by ecclesiastics; for I
have seldom passed it without seeing one of
the order, and that one has appeared so
suddenly, and vanished so suddenly, that I
have been almost compelled to believe he
was literally a spiritual being!"

is not far distant," observed the confessor.

"Does the dress of this convent resemble that of your order, reverend father? for I observed that the monk I speak of was habited like yourself; aye, and he was about your stature, and very much resembled you."

the confessor calmly; "there are many brethren

brethren who, no doubt srefemble each other; but the brothers of the Black Rentients are clothed in fackcloth, and the death's head on the garment, the peculiar fymbol of this order, would not have escaped your observation; its could not, therefore, be a member of their fociety whom you have seen. You you to 1950 A. It

faid Vivaldi, "but be it who it may, I hope from to be better acquainted with him; and to tell him truths fo strong, that he shall not be permitted even to affect the mis-understanding of them."

You will do right, if you have cause of complaint against him," observed Schedonia and an analysis de la land an an analysis de la land an analysis de la land an analysis de la l

And only if I have cause of complaint, holy father? Are strong truths to be told only when there is direct cause of complaint? Is it only when we are injured that we are to be sincere?" He believed that he had now detected Schedoni, who seemed to have betrayed a consciousnels that Vivaldi

Vivaldithad treatons for complaint against the strangered to visit out of the state of the state

"Except by your voice and eyes Signon," replied Schedoni drily of When a
man is vehement and difordered, we usually
are inclined to suppose he feels resentment,
and that he has cause of complaint, either
real on imaginary. As I have not the
honour of being acquainted with the subject you allude to, I cannot decide to which
of the two your cause belongs."

"I have never been in doubt as to that,!' faid Mivaldi haughtily; " and if I had, you will pardon me, holy father, but I should not have requested your decision. My injuries are, alas! too real; and I now think it is also too certain to whom I may attribute them. The secret adviser, who steaks into the bosom of a family only to poison

its repose, the informer—the base asperser of innocence, stand revealed in one person before me."

Vivaldi delivered these words with a tempered energy, at once dignified and pointed, which feemed to strike directly to the heart of Schedoni; but, whether it was his confcience or his pride that took the alarm, did not certainly appear. valdi believed the former. A dark malignity overspread the features of the monk, and at that moment Vivaldi thought the beheld a man, whose passions might impel him to the perpetration of almost any crime, how hideous foever. He recoiled from him, as if he had fuddenly feen a ferpent in his path, and stood gazing on his face, with an attention fo wholly occurred as to be unconscious that he did fo.

Schedoni almost instantly recovered himself; his features relaxed from their first expression, and that portentous darkness passed away from his countenance; but with a look that was still stern and haughty, he faid, "Signor, however ignorant I may be of the subject of your discontent, I can not misunderstand that your resentment is, to some extent or other, directed against myself as the cause of it. Yet I will not suppose, Signor; I say I will not suppose," raising his voice significantly, "that you have dared to brand me with the ignominious titles you have just uttered; but"—

"I have applied them to the author of my injuries," interrupted Vivaldi; "you, father, can belt inform me whether they applied to yourself?"

I have then nothing to complain of," faid Schedoni, adroitly, and with a sudden calmines, that surprised Vivaldi. "If you directed them against the author of your injuries, whatever they may be, I am fatisfied."

The chearful complacency, with which he spoke this, renewed the doubts of Vivvaldi, who thought it nearly impossible that a man conscious of guilt could assume, under the very charge of it, the tranquil

and dignified wir, which the confessor now hipayeun He began to accule himfelf of having thindemned him with parfiorate Pathles, and gradually became Thocked at the indecorum of his conduct towards a man of Schedoni's age and the cred profession. Those expressions of countenance, which had to much alarmed him, he was now inclined to think the effect of a jealous and haughty honour, and he almost forgot the malignity, which had smingled with Schedon's pride, in fortow for the offence that had provoked in a line mot Tels precipitate in his pity than his anger, and reredulous alike to the pallion of the inoment, he was now as eager to apologize for his error, as he had been hafty in committing it The frankhels, with which he apologized and lamented the impropriety of his conduct, would have won an easy forgiveness from a generous heart. It ischedoni illitened with apparent complacency and fecret contempt. He regarded Vivaldi ins a rathe boye who was fwayed looks by his rage passions:

passions; but while he suffered deep resentment for the evil in his character the felt neither respect mor kindness for the good, for the incerity, the love of justice, the generofity, which threw a brilliancy even on his foibles. Schedoni, indeed, faw only evil in human nature, all and first ord bors did Had the heart of Vivaldi been less gerierous, he would now have diffrusted the facisfaction, which the confessor, assumed, and have discovered the contempt and malignity, that lurked behind the smile thus imperfectly making his countenance. The confessor perceived his power, and the character of Vivaldi lay before him as a maps He law, or fancied he faw every a line and feature of its plan, and the relative d proportions of every energy and weakness violities married differentiation he rould yledrasthe very virtues of this young man against himself, and he exulted, even while y the amile of good will was yet upon his ibboultenance, in fanticipating the moment -tue the mette polymid segment blueit buttis : andilika : rage,

erage, and which, while Vivaldi was ingemouthy lamenting it, he had apparently forgetten quide an intel and to vide movel

Schedoni was thus ruminating evil against Vivaldi, and Vivaldi was considering how he might pessely make Schedoni atonement for the affront he had offered him, when the Marchesa returned to the apartment; and perceived in the honest counternance of Vivaldi some symptoms of the agitation which had passed over it; his complexion was sinshed, and his brow slightly contracted. The sace of Schedoni told nothing but complacency, except that now and then when he looked at Vivaldi, it was with half-shut eyes, that indicated treachery, or, at least, cunning, trying to conceal exasperated pride.

The Marchela, with displeasure directed against her son, enquired the reason of his emotion; but he, stung with consciousness of his conduct towards the monk, could neither endure to explain it, or to remain in her presence, and saying that he would conside

holy father, who would fpeak only too favourably of his fault, he abruptly left the room.

When he had departed, Schedoni gave, with feeming reluctance, the explanation which the Marchela required, but was cautious not to speak too favourably of Vivaldi's conduct, which, on the contrary, he represented as much more insulting than it really was; and, while he aggravated the offensive part of it, he suppressed all mention of the candour and felf-reproach, which had followed the charge. Yet this he managed fo artfully that he appeared to extenuate Vivaldi's errors, to lament the hastiness of his temper, and to plead for a forgiveness from his irritated mother. "He is very young, added the monk, when he perceived that he had fufficiently exalperate ed the Marchela against her fon; " he is very young, and youth is warm in its pall sions and precipitate in its judgments. He was, befides, jealous, no doubt, of the friendship. G 5

ot totaller statuovallsidwedhiw, eidhheith in not saught elanistinai the bill the fair the fill and a dibit do not saught ed suckey et bliodhe a dibit do not schedoni, forgot his vishiod and fidelity of Schedoni, forgot his vishiod and

Marchela; her referencent encreasing towards Vivaldi in proportion as Schedoni diplayed his artificial candour and meekbed, naming and marchels.

that I perceive all the inconveniences to which my attachment, I should say my duty to your family exposes me; but I willingly submit to these, while it is yet possible that my advice may be a means of preserving the honour of your house unfullied, and of saving this inconsiderate young man from future misery and unavailing repentance."

During the warmth of this sympathy in resentment, the Marchesa and Schedoni mutually, and sincerely, lost their remembrance of the unworthy motives, by which each knew the other to be influenced, as well as that disgust which those who act together

or together to the fame bad end, can feldom noelcape from feeling towards their affociates... s The Marchela, while the commended the fidelity of Schedoni, forgot his views and other promises as to a rich benefice; while othe confessor imputed her anxiety for the indplendor of ther fon's condition to a real interest in his welfare, not a care of her owndignity. After mutual compliments had been exchanged, they proceeded to a long confultation concerning Vivaldi, and it was vagreed, that their efforts for what they retermed his preservation should no longer fubmit to their ances of the ment of the day 'my advice may be a means of preferding telle honour of your boufe and thied, and of Living this inconsiderate would area-from Suffere milety and dnavalling repentance. tur During the warinth of this lympathytin bielentinen othe Mehrehera and Schedoni matrially, and a received for their remem-Teamortof the unduliting induvest by which each knew the office to be influenced, as a well as that dilguit which those who act together G 6

nent he thought he might reiv, they proceeded on their way together. Vivaldi had forgotten, during the can His nof his last interview with Ellena, to deliver up the key hale of the juit but doidy togliog and it first W.

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coine the reluciance, which he felt on thus

VIVALDI, when his first feelings of pity to and compunction for having insulted and aged man, the member of a facred profession from were past, and when he looked with a more deliberate eve upon some circum that suspicion was again gathering on his mind. But, regarding this as a symptom of his own weakness, rather than as a hint of truth, he endeavoured, with a magnature nimous distain, to reject every surmise that its boded unfavourably of Schedonians and sales

When evening arrived, he haftened to wards the villa Altieri, and, having metallo without the city, according to appointment, and a physician, upon whose honor and judg-old

ment

physician

ment he thought he might rely, they proceeded on their way together. Vivaldi had forgotten, during the confusion of his last interview with Ellena, to deliver up the key of the garden gate, and he now entered it as usual, though he could not entirely overcome the reluctance, which he felt on thus visiting, in secret and at night, the dwelling of Ellena. Under no other circumstances, however, could the physician, whose opinion was so necessary to his peace, be introduced without betraying a suspicion, which must render her unhappy, probably for every

Beatrice, who had watched for them in the portice, led the way to the chamber where the corple was laid out; and Vivaldi, though confiderably affected when he entered from recovered composure enough to take his station on one side of the bed, while the physician placed himself on the other. Unwilling to expose his emission to the observation of a servant, and definous also of some private conversation with the physician,

bhyfician, herrock the lamp from Beamice mandbanndiffed where it is the blight oglared brupon the sliving face of the corple, Vivaldi gazed with melancholy furprise wanderan reform of reason was necessary to convince him that this was the Tame countenance which only one evening preceding was animated dikenhis jown on which shadblooked -upon him in tears, while, with anxiety the most render, the had committed the happiness of her piece to his care, and had alas! too justly predicted her approaching wiffo-Aution vi The circumstances of that feene now appeared to him like a vilion, and souched every fibre of his heart of He was fully lenfible of the importance of the trust committed to him, and, as he now hing over the pale and deferred form of Bianchi, the Blendy renewed his foleran vowe to Ellera; to deferve the confidence of her departed finitiar appearances might locker, in hibrarge an Beford Wirald had burage chought to alle the copinion of the physician, who was All vicaing the lave of the decented with very diwidayda earnest

example attention and disapproving countebenance his own fulpicions strengthened from issome circumstances of her appearances and aparticularly from the black tint that preovailed over her complexion it feemed to shime that her death had been by pollon. He feared to break a filence, which problongeduchis shope of the adultary befeeble ethough it was; and the phylician, who probably was apprehensive for the consequence of delivering his real thought, did not those fullly of edicted firer acreaching said and Latadayour opinion, " faid Vivaldinat blangth it it coincides with my owns "won eswith know notifies to that Signorifiereplied the physician, "though Lithink Liperseive what is yours. h. Appearances are unshveurable, yet I will not take upon medio decide from them, that it is as you suspect. There are other circumstances under which fimilar appearances might occur." at He gave his reasons for this affertion, which were plaufible even to Vivaldi nand conduded with requesting to speak with Beatmosi fifth I wish florite d

I with to understand, bad he, so what was the exact fituation of this lady for lome hours previous to her deceale.

After a convertation of fome length with Beatrice, whatever might be the opinion refulting from his enquiries, he adhered nearly to his former affertions; pronouncing that to many contradictory circumstances appeared, as rendered it impossible for him to decide, whether Bianchi had died by poilon, or otherwile. He flated more fully than he had done before, the reasons, which must render the opinion of any medical person, on this fubject, doubtful. But, whe ther it was that he feared to be responsible for a decision, which would accuse some person of murder, or that he really was inelined to believe that Bianchi died naturally, it is certain he feemed disposed to adopt the latter opinion; and that he was very anxious to quiet the suspicions of Vivaldi. He fo far fucceeded, indeed, as to convince him that it would be unavailing to purfue the enquiry, and plmost compelled him to Www I believe. believe, that she had departed according to

the common course of nature.

Vivaldi, having lingered awhile over the death-bed of Bianchi, and taken a last farewel of her filent form, quitted the chamber and the house as fostly as he had approached, and unobserved, as he believed, by Ellena or any other person. The morning dawned over the sea, when he returned into the garden, and a few fishermen, loitering on the beach, or putting off their little boats from the shore, were the only persons visible at this early hour. The time, however was passed for renewing the enquiry he had purposed at Paluzzi, and the brightening dawn warned him to retire. To Naples, therefore, he returned, with spirits some-what soothed by a hope, that Bianchi had not fallen prematurely, and by the certainty that Ellena was well. On the way thither, he passed the fort without interruption, and having parted with the phylician, was admitted into his father's manfion by a confidential fervant. in piece, that the drivend tank being referance the common of following the corple to the grave the to Wied hat to the convent, to bib worton to Har Por here have been bod allens of some for or leven, who did hide their faces VI revendended the form the bush with him . HARAGERAND to ther ipirits, and the rears the then an an an arthur the few the lengthening LLENA; bushus studdenly losing her aunt, offer lonly relative, the friend of her whole life, felt as if left alone in the world. But it was not in the first moments of affliction that this feeling occurred as lifer own for lorn finiation was not even observed, while affection, phy, and irrefiltible grief for Blanchi, occupied her hearting the Blanch was to be interred in the church belonging to the convent of Santa Maria della Pieta. o The body, amired according to the cultons of the bountry, and decorated with flowers; was carried on an open bier to the place of interment, attended only by priests and torch bearers. But Ellena could not endure thus lightly to part with the reliques liques of a beloved friend, and being restrained by custom from following the corpse to the grave, she repaired first to the convent, to attend the funeral service. Her sorrow did not allow her to join in the charal symphonies of the nuns, but their facted solemnity was soothing to her spirits, and the tears she shed while she listened to the lengthening notes, assuged the force of grief III.

When the fervice concluded, the withdrew to the parlour of the lady Abbos, who mingled with her confedations marry rehtreaties that Ellena would make the conwent-her prefent alylum; and her affliction required little perfusion on this fabject. At was her wife to retire hither, as to a fanctuany, which was not only fuitable to her sparticular decircumstances, it but sespecially padapted to the present state of her spirits. bliere the believed that the should sooner acquire refignation, and regain tranquillity. ythan in a place less consecrated to religion; band, before the took leave of the Abbels, it was agreed so that the should be received uhil

as a boarder. To acquaint Vivald with her intention was, indeed, her chief motive for returning to the villa Altieri, after this her refolution had been taken. Her affection and efteen had been gradual in their progress, and had now attained a degree of strength, which promifed to decide the happiness of milery of her whole life. The lanction given by her aum to this choice, and particularly the very folerna manner in which, on the evening preceding her death, she bequeathed Ellena to his care, had Itill endeared him to her heart, and imparted a facredness to the engagement, which made her confider Vivaldi as her guardian and only furviving protector. The more tenderly the lamented her deceased relative, the more tenderly the thought of Vivaldi; and her love for the one was fo intimately connected with her affection for the other, that each feemed strengthened and exalted by the which are to good borg salley allegade

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He was neither furprized or averse to her withdrawing awhile to a convent; for there was a propriety in retiring, during the period of her grief, from a home where she had no longer a guardian, which delicacy seemed to demand. He only stipulated, that he might be permitted to visit her in the parlour of the convent, and to claim, when decorum should no longer object to it, the hand, which Bianchi had resigned to him.

Notwithstanding that he yielded to this arrangement without complaining, it was not entirely without repining; but being affured by Ellena of the worthiness of the Abbess of the Santa Maria della Pieta, he endeavoured to silence the secret murmurs of his heart with the conviction of his judgment.

Meanwhile, the deep impression made by his unknown tormentor, the monk, and especially by his prediction of the death of Bianchi, remained upon his mind, and he once more determined to ascertain, if post-

fible.

fible, the true nature of this portentous vifitant, and what were the motives which induced him thus to haunt his footsteps and interrupt his peace. He was awed by the circumstances which had attended the visitations of the monk, if monk it was; by the fuddenness of his appearance, and departure; by the truth of his prophecies; and, above all, by the lolemn event which had verified his last warning; and his imagination, thus elevated by wonder and painful curiofity, was prepared for fomething above the reach of common conjecture, and beyond the accomplishment of hyman agency. His widerstanding was sufficiently clear and strong to teach him to detect many errors of opinion, that prevailed around him, as well as to despile the common superstitions of his country, and, in the usual state of his mind, he probably would not have paused for a moment on the subject before him; but his passions were now interested and his fancy awakened, and, though he was unconscious of this propensity, he would, perhaps have been been somewhat disappointed to have decended foddenty from the region of featful assumity, to which he had foared—the world of terrible shadows—to the earth, on which he daily walked, and to an explanation simply natural.

He defigned to vifit again, at midnight, the fortress of Paluzzi, and not to watch for the appearance of the stranger, but to carry torches into every recels of the ruin. and discover, at least, whether it was haunted by other human beings than himfelfa The chief difficulty, which had hitherto delayed him, was that of finding a perion, in whom he could confide, to accompany him in the fearch, fince his former adventure had warned him never to renew it alone. Signor Bonarmo pertilled absolutely, and, perhaps, wifely, to refuse his request on this subject; and, as Vivald had no other acquamrance, to whom he choic to give to much explanation of the affair as might induce compliance, he at length determined to take with him Paulo, his own fervant.

On the evening, previous to the day of Ellena's departure to the Santa della Pieta. Vivaldi went to Altieri, to bid her adieli. During this interview his spirits were more than usually depressed; and, though be knew that her retirement was only for a thort period, and had as much confidence in the continuance of her affection, as is perhaps, possible to a lover, Vivaldi felt as if he was parting with her for ever. A thousand vague and fearful conjectures, fuch as he had never till this moment admitted, alfailed him, and amongst them, it appeared probable, that the arts of the nuns might win her from the world, and facrifice her to the cloider. In her present state of ferrow this feemed to be even more than probable, and not all the affirmers which Ellens gave him, and in thele parting moments the spoke with less referve than the had hitherto done. could entirely reaffured his mind. "It frould feem Ellena, by thefe boding fears," faid he, imprudently, " that I am parting with you for ever; I feel a weight upon my

my heart, which I cannot throw off. Yet I confent that you shall withdraw awhile to this convent, convinced of the propriety of the step; and I ought, also, to know that you will foon return; that I shall foon take you from its walls as my wife, never more to leave me, never more to pass from my immediate care and tenderness. I ought to feel affured of all this; yet to apt are my fears that I cannot confide in what is probable, but rather apprehend what is possible. And is it then possible that I yet may lose you; and is it only probable that you may be mine for ever? How, under fuch circumftances, could I weakly confeut to your retirement? Why did I not urge you to bestow immediately those indissoluble bands, which no human force can burst asunder? How could I leave the deftiny of all my peace within the reach of a possibility, which it was once in my power to have removed! Which it was in my power!-It is, perhaps, fill in my power. O Ellena! let the severities of custom yield to the security of VOL. I. my

my happines. If you do go to the Santa Maria, let it be only to visit its altar!"

Vivaldi delivered this expostulation with a rapidity, that left no paule for Ellena to interrupt him. When, at length, he concluded, the gently reproached him for doubting the continuance of her regard, and endeavoured to footh his apprehensions of misfortune, but would not listen to his request. She represented, that not only the state of her spirits required retirement, but that respect to the memory of her aunt demanded it; and added gravely, that if he had fo little confidence in the steadiness of her opinions, as to doubt the constancy of her affection, and for fo thort a period, unless her vows were secured to him, he had done imprudently to elect her for the companion of his whole life.

Vivaldi, then ashamed of the weakness he had betrayed, belought her forgiveness, and endeavoured to appeale apprehensions which passion only made plausible, and which reafon reproved; notwithstanding which, he could

107:

could recover neither tranquillity nor confidence; nor could Ellena, though her conduct was supported and encouraged by justness of fentiment, entirely remove the oppression of spirits she had felt from almost the first moment of this interview. They parted with many tears; and Vivaldi, before he finally took his leave, frequently returned to claim some promise, or to ascertain fome explanation, till Ellena remarked with a forced smile, that these resembled eternal adieus, rather than those of only a few days; an observation which renewed all his alarm, and furnished an excuse for again delaying his departure. At length he tore himself away, and left the villa Altieri; but as the time was yet too early to fuit his purposed enquiry at Paluzzi, he returned to Naples.

Ellena, meanwhile, endeavouring to diffipate melancholy recollections by employment, continued busied in preparation for her departure on the following day, till a late hour of the night. In the prospect of quitting, though only for so short a period,

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the home where the had passed almost every day since the dawn of her earliest rememberance, there was something melancholy, if not solemn. In leaving these well-known seenes, where, it might be said, the shade of her deceased relative seemed yet to linger, she was quitting all vestige of her late happiness, all note of sormer years and of present consolation; and she selt as if going forth into a new and homeless world. Her affection for the place encreased as the passing time diminished, and it seemed as if the last moment of her stay would be precisely that, in which the villa Altieri would be most valued.

In her favourite apartments she lingered for a considerable time; and in the room where she had supped on the night immediately preceding the death of Signora Bianchi, she indulged many tender and mournful recollections, and probably would have continued to indulge them much longer, had not her attention been withdrawn by a sudden rustling of the foliage that

that furrounded the window, when, on raising her eyes, she thought she perceived some person pass quickly from before it. The lattices had, as usual, been lest open to admit the fresh breeze from the bay below, but she now rose with some alarm to close them, and had scarcely done so when she heard a distant knocking from the portico, and in the next instant the screams of Beatrice in the hall.

Alarmed for herfelf, Ellena had, however, the courage to advance to the affiltance of her old fervant, when, on entering the paffage leading to the hall, three men, marked and muffled up in cloaks, appeared, advancing from the opposite extremity. While the fled, they pursued her to the apartment she had quitted. Her breath and her courage were gone, yet she struggled to sustain herfelf, and endeavoured to ask with calmness what was their errand. They gave no reply, but threw a veil over her face, and, feizing her arms, led her almost unresisting, but supplicating, towards the portico.

aldrawn by a fuddent uffling of the foliage

In the hall, Ellena perceived Beatrice bound to a pillar; and another ruffian, who was also masked, watching over and memacing her, not by words, but gestures. Ellena's shricks seemed to recall the almost lifeless Beatrice, for whom the supplicated as much as for herself; but entreaty was alike unavailing for each, and Ellena was borne from the house and through the garden. All confciousness had now fortaken her. On recovering, the perceived herfelf in a carriage, which was driven with great rapidity, and that her arms were within the grasp of some persons, whom, when her recollection returned more fully, the believed to be the men, who had carried her from the villa. The darkness prevented her from observing their figures, and to all her questions and entreaties a death-like filence was observed; spen on mid of bluors with

During the whole night the carriage proceeded rapidly, stopping only while the horses were changed, when Ellena endeavoured to interest by her cries the compassion passion of the people at the post-houses, and by her cries only, for the blinds were closely drawn. The postilions, no doubt, imposed on the credulity of these people, for they were insensible to her distress, and her immediate companions soon overcame the only means that had remained by which she could make it known.

For the first hours, a tumult of terror and amazement occupied her mind, but, as this began to subside, and her understanding to recover its clearness, grief and despondency mingled with her fears. She faw herfelf separated from Vivaldi, probably for ever, for the apprehended that the frong and invisible hand which governed her course, would never relinquish its grasp till it had placed her irrecoverably beyond the reach of her lover. A conviction that she should see him no more came, at intervals, with fuch overwhelming force, that every other confideration and emotion difappeared before it; and at these moments the lost all anxiety as to the place of her destination, H 4 rtoillea

destination, and all fear as to her personal

As the morning advanced and the heat encreased, the blinds were let down a little to admit air, and Ellena then perceived, that only two of the men, who had appeared at the villa Altieri, were in the carriage, and that they were still disguised in cloaks and visors. She had no means of judging through what part of the country she was travelling, for above the small openings which the blinds left she could see only the towering tops of mountains, or sometimes the veiny precipices and tangled thickets, that closely impended over the road.

About noon, as the judged from the exceffive heat, the carriage stopped at a posthouse, and ice-water was handed through
the window, when, as the blind was lowered to admit it, she perceived herself on a
wild and solitary plain, surrounded by mountains and woods. The people at the door
of the post-house seemed "unused to pity
or be pitied." The lean and sallow coun-

tenance of poverty flared over their gaunt bones, and habitual discontent had fixed the furrows of their cheeks. They regarded Ellena with only a feeble euriofity, though the affliction in her looks might have interested almost any heart that was not corroded by its own fufferings; nor did the marked faces of her companions excite a much stronger attention.

Ellena accepted the cool refreshment offered her, the first she had taken on the Her companions having emptied their glasses drew up the blind, and, notwithstanding the almost intolerable heat of noon, the carriage proceeded. Fainting under its oppression, Ellena entreated that the windows might be open, when the men, in compliance with their own necessity rather than with her request, lowered the blinds, and she had a glimple of the lofty region of the mountains, but of no object that could direct her conjecture concerning where the was. She faw only pinnacles and vast precipices of various-tinted marbles, interintermingled with seanty vegetation, such as stunted pinasters, dwarf oak and holly, which gave dark touches to the many-coloured cliss, and sometimes stretched in shadowy masses to the deep vallies, that, winding into obscurity, seemed to invite curiosity to explore the scenes beyond. Below these bold precipices extended the gloomy region of olive-trees, and lower still other rocky steeps sunk towards the plains, bearing terraces crowned with vines, and where often the artificial soil was propped by thickets of juniper, pomegranate and oleander.

Ellena, after having been so long shut in darkness, and brooding over her own alarming circumstances, found temporary, though seeble, relief in once more looking upon the face of nature; till, her spirits being gradually revived and elevated by the grandeur of the images around her, she said to herself, "If I am condemned to misery, surely I could endure it with more fortitude in scenes like these, than amidst the tamer landscapes

landscapes of nature! Here, the objects feem to impart somewhat of their own force, their own sould like to the foul. It is scarcely possible to yield to the pressure of missortune while we walk, as with the Deity, amidst his most stupendous works!"

But soon after the idea of Vivaldi glancing athwart her memory, she melted into tears; the weakness however was momentary, and during the rest of the journey she preserved a strenuous equality of mind.

It was when the heat and the light were deelining that the carriage entered a rocky defile, which shewed, as through a telescope reverfed, distant plains, and mountains opening beyond, lighted up with all the purple fplendor of the fetting fun. Along this deep and shadowy perspective a river, which was feen descending among the cliffs of a mounrain, rolled with impetuous force, fretting and foaming amidst the dark rocks in its descent, and then flowing in a limpid lapse to the brink of other precipices, whence again it fell with thundering strength to the abyss, H 6 and in the

abyls, throwing its mifty clouds of fpray on high in the air, and feeming to claim the oil T fole empire of this folitary wild, on Its bed not took up the whole breadth of the chain, and which fome strong convulsion of the earth feemed to have formed, not leaving space ser even for a road along its margin. The boot road, therefore, was carried high among rods the cliffs, that impended over the river, and it and feemed as if fuspended in air; while the gloom and vastness of the precipices, which towered above and funk below it, together bed with the amazing force and uproar of the shed falling waters, combined to render the pass aid more terrific than the pencil could describe, and or language can express. Ellena afcended 199 it, not with indifference but with calmness; the experienced somewhat of a dreadful it pleafure in looking down upon the irre- 287/ fiftible flood; but this emotion was height muor ened into awe, when she perceived that the proroad led to a flight bridge, which, thrown show across the chasm at an immense height, abula united two opposite cliffs, between which the

the whole cataract of the river descended. The bridge, which was defended only by a flender railing, appeared as if hung amidft the clouds. Ellena, while the was croffing it, almost forgot her misfortunes. Having reached the opposite side of the glen, the road gradually descended the precipices for about half a mile, when it opened to extensive prospects over plains and towards distant mountains—the sunshine landscape, which had long appeared to bound this shadowy pass. The transition was as the passage through the vale of death to the blis of eternity; but the idea of its refemblance did not long remain with Ellena. Perched high among the cliffs of a mountain, which might be faid to terminate one of the jaws of this terrific gorge, and which was one of the loftieft of a chain that furrounded the plains, appeared the spires and long terraces of a monastery; and she soon understood that her journey was to conacross the chassa at an immense betest shuls united two opposite cliss, between which

At the foot of this mountain her companions alighted, and obliged her to do the fame, for the afcent was too steep and irregular to admit of a carriage. Ellena followed unrefiftingly, like a lamb to the facrifice, up a path that wound among the rocks, and was cooly overshadowed by thickets of almond trees, figs, broad-leaved myrtle, and ever-green rose bushes, intermingled with the strawberry tree, beautiful in fruit and bloffoms, the yellow jasmine, the delightful acacia mimofa, and a variety of other fragrant plants. These bowers frequently admitted glimpfes of the glowing country below, and fometimes opened to expansive views bounded by the snowy mountains of Abruzzo. At every flep were objects which would have afforded pleasure to a tranquil mind; the beautifully variegated marbles, that formed the cliffs immediately above, their fractured masses embofied with moffes and flowers of every vivid hue that paints the rainbow; the elegance of the shrubs that tufted, and the majestic

majestic grace of the palms which waved over them, would have charmed almost any other eye than Ellena's, whose spirit was wrapt in eare, or than those of her companions, whose hearts were dead to feeling. Partial features of the vast edifice the was approaching, appeared now and then between the trees; the tall west window of the cathedral with the spires that overtopped it; the narrow pointed roofs of the cloifters; angles of the infurmountable walls, which fenced the garden from the precipices below, and the dark portal leading into the chief court; each of thefe, feen at intervals beneath the gloom of cypress and spreading cedar, seemed as if menacing the unhappy Ellena with hints of future fuffering." She paffed feveral fhrines and images half hid among the fhrubs and the chiffs; and, when the drew near the monastery, her companions stopped at a little chapel which stood beside the path, where, after examining fome papers, an act doing of the should distinct which

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which the observed with surprise, they drew asside, as if to consult respecting herself. Their conversation was delivered in voices so low, that she could not catch a single tone distinctly, and it is probable that if she could this would not have assisted her in conjecturing who they were; yet the prosound silence they had hitherto observed had much encreased her curiosity, now that they spoke.

One of them foon after quitted the chapel and proceeded alone to the monastery, leaving Ellena in the custody of his comrade, whose pity she now made a last, though almost hopeless, effort to interest. He replied to all her entreaties only by a waving of the hand, and an averted face; and she endeavoured to meet with fortitude and to endure with patience, the evil which she could neither avoid nor subdue. The spot where she awaited the return of the russian, was not of a character to promote melancholy, except, indeed, that luxurious and solema kind of melancholy, which a view of

of stupendous objects inspires. It overtooked the whole extent of plains, of which the had before caught partial feenes, with the valt chain of mountains, which feemed to form an infurmountable rampart to the rich landscape at their feet. Their towering and fantaltic fuminits, crowding together into dulky air, like flames tapering to a point, exhibited images of peculiar grandeur, while each minuter line and feature withdrawing, at this evening hour from obfervation, feemed to refolve itself into the more gigantic maffes, to which the dubious tint, the folemn obscurity, that began to prevail over them, gave force and loftier character. The filence and deep repole of the landscape, served to impress this character more awfully on the heart, and white Ellena fat wrapt in the thoughtfulnels it promoted, the velper-fervice of the monks breathing foftly from the cathedral above, came to her ear; it was a music which might be faid to win on filence, and was in perfect unifon with her feelings; sind of melancholv, which a view: folemn, deep, and full, it fwelled in holy peels, and rolled away in murmurs, which attention purfued to the last faint note that melted into air. Ellena's heart owned the power of this high minstrelfy; and while she caught for a moment the sweeter voices of the nuns mingling in the chorus, she indulged a hope that they would not be wholly insensible to her sufferings, and that she should receive some consolation from sympathy as soft as these tender-breathing strains appeared to indicate.

She had rested nearly half an hour on the tursy slope before the chapel, when she perceived through the twilight, two monks descending from the monastery towards the spot where she sat. As they drew near, she distinguished their dress of grey stuff, the hood, the shaven head, where only a coronet of white hair was lest, and other ensigns of their particular order. On reaching the chapel they accosted her companion, with whom they retired a few paces, and conversed. Ellena heard, for the first time.

time, the found of her conductor's voice. and though this was but faintly, the marked it well. The other ruffian did not yet appear, but it seemed evident that these fiars had left the convent in confequence of his information; and fometimes, when the looked upon the taller of the two, the fancied she saw the person of the very man whose absence she had remarked, a conjecture which strengthened while she more accurately noticed him. The portrait had certainly much refemblance in height and bulk; and the same gaunt awkwardness, which even the cloak of the ruffian had not entirely shrouded, obtruded itself from under the folded garments of the recluse. If countenance, too, might be trusted, this fame friar had a ruffian's heart, and his keen and cunning eye feemed habitually upon the watch for prey. His brother of the order shewed nothing strongly characteriffic either in his face or manner.

After a private conversation of some length, the friars approached Ellena, and told told her, that she must accompany them to the convent; when her disguised conductor, having resigned her to them, immediately departed and descended the mountain.

Not a word was uttered by either of the party as they purfued the steep tract leading to the gates of this feeluded edifice, which were opened to them by a lay-brother, and Ellena entered a spacious court. Three fides of this were enclosed by lofty buildings, lined with ranges of cloisters; the fourth opened to a garden, shaded with avenues of melancholy cypress, that extended to the cathedral, whole fretted windows and ornamented spires appeared to close the perspective. Other large and detached buildings skirted the gardens on the left, while, on the right, spacious olive-grounds and vineyards spread to the cliffs that formed a barrier to all this fide of the domain of the convented and monday wobself bas adapt

The friar, her conductor, croffed the court to the north wing, and there ringing a bell, a door was opened by a mun, into a solution whose,

ot medt vacquoose flum ed tad whole hands Ellena was given. ficant look was exchanged between the devotees, but no words; the friar departed, and the nun, still filent, conducted her through many folitary passages, where not even a diffant foot-fall echoed, and whose walls were roughly painted with fubjects indicatory of the fevere superstitions of the place, tending to inspire melancholy awe. Ellena's hope of pity vanished as her eyes glanced over these symbols of the disposition of the inhabitants, and on the countenance of the nun characterised by a gloomy malignity, which feemed ready to inflict upon others some portion of the unhappiness she herfelf fuffered. As the glided forward with foundless step, her white drapery, floating along these solemn avenues, and her hollow features touched with the mingled light and shadow which the partial rays of a taper she held occasioned, the seemed like a spectre newly risen from the grave, rather than a living being. These passages terminated in the parlour of the Abbels, where the nun paufed, and, turning to Ellena, faid, "It is the hour of vespers you will wait here till our lady of the convent leaves the church; the would fpeak with you!" and

"To what faint is the convent dedicated," faid Ellena, " and who, fifter, prefides over it?" the out file "hundreban

The nun gave no reply, sand after having eyed the forlorn stranger for a moment, with inquisitive ill-nature, quitted the room. The unhappy Ellena had not been left long to her own reflections, when the Abbess appeared; a stately lady, apparently occupied with opinions of her own importance, and prepared to receive her guest with rigour and supercilious haughtiness. This Abbess, who was herself a woman of some distinction, believed that of all possible crimes, next to that of facrilege, offences against persons of rank were least pardonable. It is not furprifing therefore, that, supposing Ellena, a young woman of no family, to have fought clandestinely to unite herfelf with the noble house of Vivaldi, the should!

a noble

hould feel for ther, not only distain, but indignation, and that the should readily consent, not only to punish the offender, but at the same time, to afford means of preserving the ancient dignity of the offended.

"I understand," said the Abbess, on whose appearance the alarmed Ellena had arisen, "I understand," said she, without making any signal for her to be seated, "that you are the young person who is arrived from Naples."

My name is Ellena di Rofalba," faid her auditor, recovering fome degree of courage from the manner which was defigned to depress her.

"I know nothing of your name," replied the Superior; "I am informed only
that you are fent here to acquire a knowledge of yourfelf and of your duties. Till
the period hall be passed, for which you
are given into my charge, I shall serupulously
observe the obligations of the troublesome
office, which my regard for the honour of

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e noble family, has induced me to under-

By thele words, the author and the motives of this extraordinary transaction were at once revealed to Ellena, who was for fome moments almost overwhelmed by the sudden horrors that gathered on her mind, and Fear, fhame, stood filent and motionless. and indignation, alternately affailed her; and the sting of offended honour, on being suspected, and thus accused of having voluntarily disturbed the tranquillity, and fought the alliance of any family, and especially of one who difdained her, ftruck forcibly to her heart, till the pride of confcious worth revived her courage and fortified her patience, and fhe demanded by whose will the had been torn from her home, and by whose anthority she was now detained, as it appeared, a prisoner.

The Abbess, unaccustomed to have her power opposed, or her words questioned, was for a moment too indignant to reply; and Ellena observed, but no longer with dismay,

difmay, the brooding tempest ready to burst over her head. "It is I only, who am injured," said she to herself, "and shall the guilty oppressor triumph, and the innocent sufferer sink under the shame that belongs only to guilt! Never will I yield to a weakness so contemptible. The consciousness of deserving well will recall my presence of mind, which, permitting me to estimate the characters of my oppressors by their actions, will enable me also to despite their power."

I must remind you," faid the Abbess, at length, "that the questions you make are unbecoming in your situation; and that contrition and humility are the best extenuations of error. You may with-

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with dignity to the Superior; " and I most willingly refign them to my oppressors."

Ellena forbore to make further enquiry or remonstrance, and perceiving that reproach would not only be ulcles, but devol. i. grading

grading to herfelf, the immediately obeyed the mandate of the Abbels and determined ed, finge the multifulfer onto fuffer wife pol-adi fible, with firmnels and dignity in a ballarqui

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She was conducted from the parlour by and the nun who had admitted her, and as the passed through the refectory where the or nuns, just returned from vespers, were assembled, their inquisitive glances, their infusion, and busy whispers, told her, that she decided was not only an object of curiosity, but of he fuspicion, and that little sympathy could be expected from hearts, which even the offices of hourly devotion had not purified from the malignant envy, that taught them tolds exalt themselves upon the humiliation of on others.

The little room, to which Ellena was led; of and where, to her great fatisfactions she and was left alone, rather deserved the denoting mination of a cell than of a chamber you fince, like those of the nuns, it had only to one small lattice; and a mattress, one chair; di and a table, with a crucifix and a player of

which

calood awakened all the proper pride,

grading to herfelf, the Shmediately obeyed bookinwere alltis afunitures to Ellena saged the furveyed ther melancholy habitation, suppressed a rising sigh, but the could not remain unaffected by recollections, which, on this view of her altered state, crowded to her mind; nor think of Vivaldi far away, perhaps for ever, and probably, even ignos rant of her destination, without bitter tears. But the direct them, as the idea of the Marchefa obtruded on her thoughts, for other emotions than those of grief possessed her. It was to the Marchela that the especially attributed her present situation; and it now appeared, that the family of Vivaldi had not only been reluctant, but absolutely averse to a connection with hers, contrary to the finggestions of Signora Bianchi, who had nepresented, that it might be supposed only, from their known character, that they would difapprove of the alliance, but would of course be reconciled to an event, which their haughriest displeasure never could fevoke. This discovery of their absolute fejection awakened all the proper pride, 1 2 which

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which the miltaken prudence of her aunt, and her affection for Vivaldi had lulled to rest ; and the now suffered the most acute vexation and remorfe, for having yielded her confent to enter clandestinely into any family. The imaginary honours of so noble and alliance vanished, when the terms of obtaining them were confidered; and now, that the found mind of Ellena was left to its own judgment, the looked with infinitely more pride and preference upon the induftrious means, which had hitherto rendered her independent, than on all distinction which might be relunctantly conferred. The consciousness of innocence, which had supported her in the presence of the Superior, began to falter. "Her accufation was partly just !" faid Ellena, " and I deferve punishment, fince I could, even for a moment, submit to the humiliation of defiring an alliance, which I knew would be mwillingly conferred. But it is not yet too late to retrieve my own effect by afferting my independence, and refigning Vivaldi

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abandoning him who loves me,—abandoning him to milery! Him, whom I cannot even think of without tears,—to whom my vows have been given,—who may claim me by the facred remembrance of my dying friend,—him, to whom my whole heart is devoted! O! miferable alternative!—that I can no longer act justly, but at the expense of all my future happiness! Justly! And would it then be just to abandon him who is willing to resign every thing for me,—abandon him to ceaseless forrow, that the prejudices of his family may be gradified?

Poor Ellena perceived that she could not obey the dictates of a just pride, without such opposition from her heart as she had never experienced before. Her affections were now too deeply engaged to permit her to act with simmess, at the price of long-suffering. The consideration of resigning Vivaldi was so very grievous, that she could scarcely endure to pause upon it for a moment;

bley

ment; yet, on the other hand, when the thought of his family, it appeared that she never could consent to make a part of it. She would have blamed the erroneous judgment of Signora Bianchi, whose perfualions had fo much affifted in reducing her to the present alternative, had not the tenderness with which she cherished her memory, rendered this impossible. All, that now remained for her, was to endeayour patiently to endure present evils, which fhe could not conquer; for, to forfake Vivaldi as the price of liberty, should liberty be offered her on such terms, or to accept him in defiance of honourable pride, should he ever effect her release, appeared to her diffracted thoughts almost equally impracticable. But, as the probability of his never being able to discover her abode, returned to her confideration, the anguish she suffered told how much more she dreaded to lose than to accept Vivaldi, and that love was, after all, the most powerful affection of her of humbur, which displayed indirect to

much

ment; yet, on the other hand, when the thought of his family, it appeared that she never could consent to make a part of it. She would have taked the erroneous judgment " she gained men hed the hole per-.ashawashad lo much afulled in reducing her to the prefent afternative, had not the red Vervat Di, meanwhile, ignorant of what had occurred at villa Altieri, repaired as he had proposed, to Paluzzi, attended by his fervant Paulo. It was deep night before he left Naples, and fo anxious was he to conceal himself from observation, that though Paulo carried a torch, he did not permit it bluto be lighted, till after he should have remained some time within the arch-way, thinking it most prudent to watch a while in lecret for his unknown adviser, before he proceeded to examine the fort. His attendant, Paulo, was a true Neashrewd, inquisitive, infinuating, adroit; possessing much of the spirit of intrigue, together with a confiderable portion of humour, which displayed itself not so

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much iff words, as in his manner and countenance, in the archness of his dark, penetrating eye, and in the exquilite adaptation of his gethere to his Mea. bo He was a wiffinguiffied favourite with his mafter, who, if he had not humour himfelf, had a keen relish of it in others, and who certainly did policis wit, with all its lively accompaniments, in an eminent degree. Vivaldi had been won by the nativeté and humour of this man, to allow him an unufual degree of familiarity in conversation; and, as they now walked together towards Paluzzi, he unfolded to Paulo as much of his former adventure there as he judged necessary to interest his curiofity and excite his vigilance. The relation did both. Paulo, however, naturally courageous, was incredulous to superstition of any kind; and, having quickly perceived that his matter was not altogether indisposed to attribute to a supernatural cause the extraordinary occurrences at Paluzzi, he began, in his manner, to rally him; but Vivaldi was not

in temper to endure jefting; his, mood was grave, even to folemnity, and he yielded, though reluctantly, to the awe which at intervals, returned upon him with the force of a magical fpell, binding up all his faculties to fternness, and fixing them in expectation. While he was nearly regardless of defence against human agency, his servant was, however, preparing for that alone; and very properly represented the imprudence of going to Paluzzi in darkness. Vivaldi observed that they could not watch for the monk otherwise than in darkness, fine the torch which lighted them would also warn him, and he had very particular reasons for watching before he proceeded to examine. He added, that after a certain time had elapfed, the torch might be lighted a a neighbouring cottage. Paulo objected, that in the meanwhile, the person for whom they watched might escape; and Vivaldi compromifed the affair. The torch was lighted, but concealed within a hollow of the cliffs, that bordered the road, and the centinels 1 5 took took their fration in darkness, within the deep arch, near the foot where Vivaldi had watched with Bonamio bi As they did this, the diffant chime of a convent informed Wivaldi that midnight was runed of The found recalled to his mind the words of Schedoni, concerning the vicinity of the convent of the Black Penitents, to Paluzzi, of and herafked Paulo whether this was the chime of that convent. Paulo replied that it was, and that a remarkable circumstance had taught him to remember the Santa del Pianto, or Our Lady of Tears . " The place, Signor, would interest you, 's faid Paulo; "for there are some odd stories told of it; and I am inclined to think, this unknown monk must be one of that fociety, his conduct is fo ftrange." and a property

"You believe then, that I am willing to give faith to wonderful flories," faid Vivaldi, finiling. "But what have you heard, that is fo extraordinary, respecting this convent? Speak low, or we may be difthe Covered the Land, January bers bers of the had.

" Why,

and affin Why Signor, the flory is not geneberally known, faid Paulo in a whilper; aiff Lihalf promised never to reveal it."

be my high your are under any promise of seederely, interrupted Vivaldi, "I forbid you to tell this wonderful tale, which, however, and seems somewhat too big to test within your

and affectively would fain expandingle to so your's, Signor," faid Paulos, "and as I and not absolutely promise to conceal it, be I am very willing to reveal it."

bidet me once more caution you to speak

know, then, Maestro, that it was on the eve of the festival of Sauto Marco, and about the years since?

lent; but every thing remaining still, Paulo, after some time, ventured to proceed, though in a yet lower whisper. "It was on the eve of the Santo Marco, and when the last bell

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had rung, that a person." - He stopped again, for a rustling sound passed near him.

"You are too late," It is half the word of the sold before Vivaldi, who instantly recognized the sold thrilling accents of the monker." It is half midnight; the departed an hour ago. Look on to your steps!" The departed an hour ago.

Though thrilled by this well-known to voice, Vivaldi scarcely yielded to his feel-may ings for a moment, but, checking the quel-may ings for a moment, but, checking the quel-may tion which would have asked "who de parted?" he, by a sudden spring, endea vivoured to seize the intruder, while Paulo, in not the sufficient his alarm, fired a pistol, and it as then hastened for the torch. So certainly did to be whence the voice proceeded, that, on the reaching it, he instantly extended his arms, he and searching taround, expected every most one ment to find his enemy in his grasp. Dark-bus ness again bassled his attempt.

You are known, cried Vivaldi; "you shall see me at the Santa dell and Pianto! What, oh! Paulo, the torch!

the torch !

Paulo, Iwill as the wind, appeared with it. "He patied up those steps in the rock; say Signor's Lufawithe skirts of his gardlents ascending Ringoon vitte in the wind only its vivable decending Ringoon vitte in the rock;

Follow me, then, faid Vivaldi, and mounting the steps: Away, away, him Maestro!" faid Paulo, inspatiently, in but, of the Santa dell Pianto; our lives of the Santa dell Pianto; our lives of may answer it?"

He followed to the terrace above, where Vivaldi, holding high the torch, looked round for the monk. The place, however, as far as his eye could penetrate, was for faken and filent. The glare of the torch enlightened only the rude walls of the citadel, fome points of the cliff below, and fome tall pines that waved over them, leaving in doubtful gloom many a recess of the ruin, and many a tangled thicket, that foread among the rocks beyond.

"Do you perceive any perfon, Paulo?"
faid Wivaldi, waving the torch in the air to y
rouse the flame. It was to the flame.

Paulo

" Among

Signor, those arches that stand duskily beyond the citadely I thought I saw a shabbeyond the citadely I thought I saw a shabbeyond the citadely I thought I saw a shabbeyond the citadely I thought I saw a shabbey for aught I know, Maestro; but he seems to have a good mortal instinct in taking care of himself, and to have as swift a pair of heels to assist in carrying him off, as any Lazaro in Naples need defire.

Fewer words, and more caution!"

faid Vivaldi, lowering the torch, and pointing it towards the quarter which Paulo had mentioned. "Be vigilant, and tread light-

eyes will inform them, though their ears refuse, while we hold a light to our own steps."

Vivaldi, somewhat sternly; "follow in silence, and be on your guard."

Paulo fubmitted, and they proceeded towards the range of arches, which communicated pricated with the building, whose singular violation of Bonarmo, and whence Vivaldi hima felf had returned with such unexpected with such unexpected

proaching, he suddenly stopped, and Paulo observing his agitation, and probably not relishing the adventure, endeavoured to dissuade him from further research: "For we know not who may inhabit this gloomy place, Signor, or their numbers, and we are only two of us after all! Besides, Signor, it was through that door, yonder;" and he pointed to the very spot whence Vivaldi had so fearfully issued; "through that door, that I fancied, just now, I saw something pass."

"Are you certain as to this?" faid Viwas its form?" What

"It was so dusky thereabout, Maestro, that I could not distinguish."

a the range of artifer, which communicated

Vivaldi's eyes were fixed upon the building, and a violent conflict of feelings feerned to flake his foul. A few feeonds decided it. I will go on, faid he, and terminate, at any hazard, this state of intolerable anxiety. Paulo, paule a moment, and confidel well whether you can depend on your courage, for it may be severely cried. If you can, descend with me in filence, and I warn you to be wary; if you cannot, I will go alone."

It is too late now, Signor, to alk mysfelf that question," replied Paulo, with a submissive air; "and if I had not settled it long ago, I should not have followed you thus far. My courage, Signor, you never doubted before."

Come on then," faid Vivaldi. He drew his fword, and entering the narrow door-way, the torch, which he had now religned to Paulo, shewed a stone passage, that was, however, interminable to the eye.

akiftinchly; fomelfling as of human form

the walls were stained in several places with what appeared to be blood, but prudently forbore to point this out to his master, observing the strict injunction of silence be had received.

Vivaldi stepped cautiously, and often paused to listen, after which he went on with a quicker pace, making signs only to Paulo to follow, and be vigilant. The passage terminated in a stair-case, that seemed to lead to vaults below. Vivaldi remembered the light which had formerly appeared there, and, as recollection of the past gathered on his mind, he faultered in his purpose.

Again he paused, tooked back upon Paulo, but was going forward, when Paulo himself seized his larm. "Stop! Signor," said he in a low voice. "Do you not distinguish a figure standing yonder, in the gloom?"

Wivaldi looked onward, and perceived, indistinctly, something as of human form, but

but motionless and filent. It stood at the dufky extremity of the avenue, near the ftair-cafe. Its garments, if garments they were, were dark; but its whole figure was to faintly traced to the eye, that it was impossible to ascertain whether this was the monk. Vivaldi took the light, and held it forward, endeavouring to distinguish the object before he ventured further; but the enquiry was useless, and, religning the torch to Paulo, he rushed on. When he reached the head of the flair-cafe, however, the form, whatever it might be, was gone. had heard no footstep. Paulo pointed out the exact foot where it had flood, but no veltige of it appeared. Vivaldi called loudly upon the monk, but he heard only the lengthening echoes of his own voice revolving among the chambers below, and, after helitating a while on the head of the stairs, he descended.

Paulo had not followed down many steps, when he called out, "It is there! Signor;

I fee it again! and now it flits away through the door that opens to the vaults!"

Vivaldi purfued fo fwiftly, that Paulo could scarcely follow fast enough with the light; and, as at length he rested to take breath, he perceived himself in the same spacious chamber to which he had formerly descended. At this moment Paulo perceived his countenance change. "You are ill, Signor," said he. "In the name of our holy Saint, let us quit this hideous place. Its inhabitants can be nothing good, and no good can come of our remaining here."

Vivaldi made no reply; he drew breath with difficulty, and his eyes remained fixed on the ground, till a noise, like the creaking of a heavy hinge, rose in a distant part of the vault. Paulo turned his eyes, at the same instant, towards the place whence it came, and they both perceived a door in the wall slowly opened, and immediately closed again, as if the person within had seared to be discovered. Each believed, from the transient view he had of it, that this was the same figure

figure which had appeared on the stair-case, and that it was the monk himself. Reammated by this belief, Vivaldi's nerves were instantly rebraced, and he sprang to the door, which was unfaltened, and yielded immediately to his impetuous hand. You shall not deceive me now, cried he, as he entered; "Paulo! keep guard at the door!"

He looked round the second vault, in which he now found himself, but no person appeared; he examined the place, and particularly the walls, without discovering any aperture, either of door or window, by which the figure could have quitted the chamber; a strongly-grated casement, placed near the roof, was all that admitted air, and probably light. Vivaldi was alternatived in Have you seen any thing pass? Said he to Paulo.

Nothing, Magre, "deplied the fer-

bemish xe '; eldiberoni thomis is sid! 'will sid bei sid bei sid bei named gnithon eludes only grafp, and bei named gnithon and bei named gnithon and be what means as

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igure which had ff If to, Signor," observed Paulo, "why should it fear us? as furely it does ; on why hould it have fed ? ! bot the thin this or

"That is not so certain," rejoined Vivaldi; " it may have fled only to lead us into evil. But bring hither the torch; here is fomething in the wall which I would examine."

Paulo obeyed. It was merely a ruggedness in the stones, not the partition of a door, that had excited his curiofity. "This is inexplicable!" exclaimed Vivaldi, after a long paule. " What motive could any human being have for thus tormenting a Rrong vera 60 billottent, blaced near 1901

Or any being superhuman, either, my Signor ?! faid Paulo And 28 or 15 February

I am warned of evils that await me," continued Vivaldi, musing; " of events that are regularly fulfilled; the being who warns me, croffes my path perpetually, yet, with the cunning of a demon, as conflantly eludes my grafp, and baffles my purfuit! It is incomprehensible, by what means he

glides thus away from my eye, and fades, as if into air, at my approach! He is repeatedly in my prefence, yet is never to be found! How as we have now to stad bild

"that he is never to be found, and therefore let me entreat you to give up the purfuit. This place is enough to make one believe in the horrors of purgatory! Let us go, Signor."

"What but spirit could have quitted this vault so mysteriously," continued Vivaldi, not attending to Paulo; "what but spirit "!

"I would fain prove," faid the lervant,
"that substance can quit it as easily; I
would fain evaporate through that door
myself."

He had scarcely spoken the words, when the door closed, with a thundering clap that echoed through all the vaults; and Vivaldi and Paulo stood for a moment, aghast! and then both hastened to open it, and to leave the place. Their consternation

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may be easily conceived, when they found that all their efforts at the door were ineffectual. The thick wood was inlaid with folid bars of iron; and was of such unconquerable strength, that it evidently guarded what had been designed for a prifon, and appeared to be the keep or dungeon of the ancient fort.

"Ah, Signor mio!" faid Paulo, "if this was a spirit, 'tis plain he knew we were not so, by his luring us hither. Would we could exchange natures with him for a moment; for I know not how, as mere mortal men, we can ever squeeze ourselves out of this scrape. You must allow, Maestro, that this was not one of the evils he warned you of; or, if he did, it was through my or gans, for I entreated you."

"Peace, good Signor Buffa!" faid Visvaldi; "a truce with this nonfense, and affift in searching for some means of escape."

Vivaldi again examined the walls, and as unfoccelsfully as before; but in one corner

of the vault lay an object, which feemed to tell the fate of one who had been confined here, and to hint his own: it was a garment covered with blood. Vivaldi and his fervant discovered it at the same instant; and a dreadful foreboding of their own deftiny fixed them, for some moments, to the fpot. Vivaldi first recovered himself, when instead of yielding to despondency, all his faculties were aroused to devise some means for escaping; but Paulo's hopes seemed. buried beneath the dreadful vestments upon which he still gazed. "Ah, my Signer!" Taid he, at length, in a faultering accent, " who shall dare to raile that garment? What if it should conceal the mangled body whose blood has stained it!

Vivaldi, shudderingly, turned to look on

it again.

"It moves!" exclaimed Paulo; "Thee it move!" as he faid which, he ffarted to the opposite side of the chamber. Vivaldi stepped a few paces back, and as quickly returned; when, determined to know the event

event at once, he raised the garment upon the point of his sword, and perceived, beneath, other remains of dress, heaped high together, while even the floor below was stained with gore.

Believing that fear had deceived the eyes of Paulo, Vivaldi watched this horrible spectacle for some time, but without perceiving the least motion; when he became convinced, that not any remains of life were fhrouded beneath it, and that it contained only articles of drefs, which had belonged to fome unfortunate person, who had probably been decoyed hither for plunder, and afterwards murdered. This belief, and the repugnance he felt to dwell upon the spectacle, prevented him from examining further, and he turned away to a remote part of the vault. A conviction of his own fate, and of his fervant's, filled his mind for a while with despair. It appeared that he had been enfnared by robbers, till, as he recollected the circumstances which had attended his entrance, and the feveral VOL. I. peculiar

peculiar occurrences connected with the arch-way, this conjecture feemed highly improbable. It was unreasonable, that robbers should have taken the trouble to decoy, when they might at first have seized him; still more fo, that they would have persevered fo long in the attempt; and most of all, that when he had formerly been in their power, they should have neglected their opportunity, and fuffered him to leave the ruin unmolefted. Yet, granting that all this, improbable as it was, were, however, possible, the solemn warnings and predictions of the monk, fo frequently delivered, and fo faithfully fulfilled, could have no connection with the schemes of banditti. It appeared, therefore, that Vivaldi was not in the hands of robbers; or, if he were, that the monk, at least, had no connection with them; yet it was certain that he had just heard the voice of this monk beneath the arch; that his fervant had faid, he faw the vestments of one ascending the steps of the fort; and that they had both reason, afterward, to believe

believe it was his shadowy figure, which they had purfued to the very chamber where they were now confined.

As Vivaldi confidered all these circumstances, his perplexity encreased, and he was more than ever inclined to believe, that the form, which had assumed the appearance of a monk, was something superhuman.

"If this being had appeared only," faid he to himself, "I should, perhaps, have thought it the perturbed spirit of him, who doubtless has been murdered here, and that it led me hither to discover the deed, that his bones might be removed to holy ground; but this monk, or whatever it is, was neither silent, nor apparently anxious concerning himself; he spoke only of events connected with my peace, and predicted of the future; as well as reverted to the past! If he had either hinted of himself, or had been wholly silent, his appearance, and manner of eluding pursuit, is so extraordinary, that I should have yielded, for once, perhaps, to

peculiar occurrences connected with the arch-way, this conjecture feemed highly improbable. It was unreasonable, that robbers should have taken the trouble to decoy, when they might at first have seized him; still more fo, that they would have perfevered fo long in the attempt; and most of all, that when he had formerly been in their power, they should have neglected their opportunity, and fuffered him to leave the ruin unmolefted. Yet, granting that all this, improbable as it was, were, however, possible, the folemn warnings and predictions of the monk, fo frequently delivered, and fo faithfully fulfilled, could have no connection with the schemes of banditti. It appeared, therefore, that Vivaldi was not in the hands of robbers; or, if he were, that the monk, at least, had no connection with them; yet it was certain that he had just heard the voice of this monk beneath the arch; that his fervant had faid, he faw the vestments of one ascending the steps of the fort; and that they had both reason, afterward, to believe

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the tales of our grandfathers, and thought he was the fpectre of a murdered person. zidAsa Vivaldi expressed his incredulity, however, he returned to examine the garment lonce more, when, as he raifed it, he observed, what had before escaped his notice black drapery mingled with the heap beneath, and, on lifting this also on the point of his fword, he perceived part of the habiliment of a monk! He flarted at the discovery, as if he had seen the apparicion, which had so long been tempting his endulity, believe were the vest and scapulary, went and flained with blood! Having gazed for a moment, he let them drop upon the theap prwhen Paulo, who had been filently tobierving him, exclaimed, 100 Signor behat should be the garment of the demon who led us hither " Is it a wind ing sheet for us, Machro? Or was it offe for the body he inhabited while on earth ! -hes Neither, I truft," replied Vivaldi, endeavouring to command the perturbation he fuffered and turning from the spectacle; " therefore Tiro W 28

"therefore we will try once more to re-

This was a design, however, beyond his accomplishment; and, having again attacked the door, raised Paulo to the grated window, and vociferated for release with his utmost strength, in which he was very ably seconded by Paulo, he abandoned, for the present, all further attempts, and, weary and desponding, threw himself on the ground of the dungeon.

Paulo bitterly lamented his master's rashness in penetrating to this remote spot, and bewailed the probability of their being samished.

"For, supposing, Signor, that we were not decoyed hither for plunder and butchery, and supposing that we are not surrounded by malicious spirits, which San Januarius forbid I should take upon me to affirm is impossible! supposing all this, Signor, yet still there remains almost a certainty of our being starved to death; for how is it possible that any body can hear

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and buried, as one may fay, under ground, as this is?"

fald Vivaldi, groaning

even with me," replied Paulo; " and that you are you are as excellent a conductor?"

Wivaldi gave no answer, but lay on the ground, abandoned to agonizing the world now leifure to consider the late words of the monk, and to conjecture, for he was in a mood for conjecturing the world, that they not only alluded to Ellena, but that his faying the had departed an hour ago, was a figurative manner of telling that she had died then. This was a conjecture which different almost all apprehension for himself. He started from the ground, and paced his prison with quick and unequal steps; it was now no longer a heavy despondency that oppressed him, but an acute anxiety that

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that stung him, and, with the tortures of suspense, brought also those of passionate impatience and horror concerning the sate of Ellena. The longer he dwelt upon the possibility of her death, the more probable it appeared. This monk had already forewarned him of the death of Binanchi; and when he recollected the suspense of Ellena increased. The more he yielded to his feelings, the more violent they became, till, at length, his ungovernable impatience and apprehensions arose already to frenzy.

Paulo forgot, for a while, his own lituation in the superior sufferings of his master, and now, at least, endeavoured to perform the offices of a comforter, for he tried to calm Vivaldi's mind, by selecting the fairest circumstances for hope which the subject admitted, and he passed without noticing, or, if noticing, only lightly touched upon, the most prominent possibilities of evil. His master, however, was insensible to all he

faid,

faid, till he mentioned again the convent del Pianto; and this subject, as it seemed connected with the monk, who had hinted the fate of Ellena, interested the unhappy Vivaldi, who withdrew awhile from his own reflections, to listen to a recital which might assist his conjectures.

Paulo complied with his command, but not without reluctance. He looked round the empty vault, as if he feared that some person might be lurking in the obscurity, who would overhear, and even answer him.

Signor," faid he, recollecting himself; one may venture to talk secrets with little danger of being discovered. However, Maestro, it is best to make matters quite sure; and therefore, if you will please to take a seat on the ground, I will stand beside you and relate all I know of the convent of Our Lady of Tears, which is not much after all."

Paulo do the fame, the servant began in a

low voice -- " It was on the vigil of the Santo Marco, just after the last vesper-bell had tolled-You never was at the Santa Maria del Pianto, Signor, or you would know what a gloomy old church it has. - It was in a confessional in one of the fide ailes of this church, and just after the last bell had ceased, that a person, so mustled up, that neither face nor shape could be diffinguished, came and placed himself on the steps of one of the boxes adjoining the confessional chair; but if he had been as airily drefled as your felf, Signor, he might have been just as well concealed; for that dulky aifle is lighted only by one lamp, which hangs at the end next the painted window, except when the tapers at the shrine of San Antonio happen to be burning at the other extremity, and even then the place is almost as gloomy as this yault. But that is, no doubt, contrived for the purpose, that people may not blush for the fins they confels; and, in good faith, this is an accommodation which may bring more money to the poor's box, for the monks I know

monks have a threwd eye that way,

You have dropt the thread of your fory," faid Vivaldi. 10 Acaris onni I bb

True, Signor, let me recollect where loft it.—Oh! at the steps of the confessional;—the stranger knelt down upon them, and for some time poured such groans into the ear of the confessor, as were heard all along the aille. You are to know, Signor, that the brothers of Santa del Pianto are of the order of Black Penitents; and people who have more lins than ordinary to conthe grand penitentiary what is to be done.

Now it bappened, that Father Anialdo, the grand penitentiary himself, was in the chair, as is cuitomary on the vigil of the santo Marco; and he gently reproved the penitent for bewailing to loud, and bade him take comfort when the other replied only by a grown deeper than before, but it was not to found, and then proceeded to confels. But what he did confels, Signor, I know

I know not; for the confesior, you know, never must divulge, except, indeed, on very extraordinary occasions. It was, however, fomething fo very strange and horrible, that the grand penitentiary fuddenly quitted the chair, and before he reached the cloifters he fell into strong convultions. On recovering himfelf, he asked the people about him, whether the penitent, who had vilited fuch a confessional, naming it, was gone; adding, that if he was still in the church, it was proper he should be detained. He described, at the same time, as well as he could, the fort of figure he had dimly feen approaching the confessional just before he had received the confession, at recollecting which he feemed ready to go off again into his convulsions. One of the fathers, who had croffed the aifle, on his way to the cloifters, upon the first alarm of Ansalde's diforder, remembered that a person, such as was described, had passed him hashiy. He had feen a tall figure, muffled up in the had bit of a white friar, gliding fwiftly along the Why aisle.

aifle, towards the door which opened into the outer court of the convent; but he was himself too much engaged to notice the stranger particularly. Father Ansaldo thought this must be the person; and the porter was fummoned, and asked whether he had observed such an one pass. He affirmed that he had not feen any person go forth from the gate within the last quarter of an hour; which might be true enough, you know, Signor, if the rogue had been off his post. But he further faid, that no one had entered, during the whole evening, habited in white, as the stranger was described to be; so the porter proved himfelf to be a vigilant watchman; for the must have been fast asleep too, or how could this personage have entered the convent, and left it again, without being feen bythim Barris of Artaletti of noque profit

es" In white, was the ?! faid Wivaldi; if he had been in black, I should have thought this must have been the monk, my tormentories anising asin attriven to ad

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"Why, you know, Signor, that occurred to me before," observed Paulo, "and a man might eafily change his drefs, if that were all." fellion!" relamed Funda.

" Proceed," faid Vivaldi-1019 19191 88 W

Hearing this account from the porter, continued Paulo, "the fathers believed, one and all, that the stranger must be secreted within the walls; and the convent, with every part of the precincts, was searched; but no person was found "investion if every

This must certainly be the monk," faid Vivaldi, " notwithstanding the difference of his habit; there furely cannot be two beings in the world, who would conduct themselves in this same mysterious manner!"

He was interrupted by a low found, which feemed, to his distracted fancy, to proceed from a dying person. Paulo also heard it; he started, and they both listened with intense and almost intolerable expectation, Ah I' faid Paulo, at length, "it was

only the wind the periodicine of le

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of proceed therefore." faid Vivaldi;

From the period of this strange confession," resumed Paulo, "Father Ansaldo was never properly himself; he"

Doubtles the crime confessed related

to himself, observed Vivaldi.

Why, no, Signor, I never heard that that was the case; and some remarkable circumstances, which followed, seemed to prove it otherwise. About a month after the time I have mentioned, on the evening of a fultry day, when the monks were retiring from the last service.

Hark ! cried Vivaldi.

ing himfelf.

" Be ftill!" faid Vivaldi.

They listened attentively, and heard a murmuring, as of voices; but could not ascertain whether they came from the adjusting whit, or arose from beneath the one in which they were. The found feturned at intervals; and the perions who conversed,

verled, whatever they were, feeningly reftrained their voices, as if they feared to be heard. Vivaldi confidered whether it were better to discover himself, and call for affiftance, or to remain full.

Remember, Signor, "faid Paulo, "what a chance we have of being flarved, unless we venture to discover outselves to these people,

or whatever they are."

"Venture!" exclaimed Vivaldi. "What has fuch a wretch as I to do with fear?

O, Ellena, Ellena!"

He inftantly called loudly to the person whom he believed he had heard, and was seconded by Paulo; but their continued vociferations availed them nothing; no answer was returned; and even the indistinct sounds, which had awakened their attention, were heard no more.

Exhausted by their efforts, they laid down on the floor of the dungeon, abandoning all further attempts at escape till the morning light might affist them.

Vivaldi

Vivaldi had no further spirits to enquire for the remainder of Paulo's narrative. Almost despairing for himself, he could not seel an interest concerning strangers; for he had already perceived, that it could not afford him information connected with Ellena; and Paulo, who had roared himself hoarse, was very willing to be silent.

Dharve they are lay after Ellens's yenture? exclained laveles & What are to an a wretch as I to do ruich lear? I lay a Ellens's on a fillens' of the county fear? I learly fear head he will had been four learned by rando; hut their reconting; no proved was returned them nothing; no proved was returned them nothing; no proved was returned that were substituted by the learly fear the indication of the draw fear had an abandoning on the draw on the draw con, abandoning at the means of the fear strengts at eleaps all the means in the later strengts at eleaps all the means in the later strengts at eleaps all the means in the later strengts at eleaps all the means in the later strengts at eleaps all the means in the later strengts at eleaps all the means in the later strengts at eleaps all the means in the later strengts at eleaps all the means in the later strengts at eleaps all the means in the later strengts at eleaps all the means in the later strengts at eleaps all the means in the later strengts at eleaps all the means in the later strengts at eleaps all the means in the later strengts at eleaps all the means in the later strengts at eleaps all the means in the later strength and the means in the later

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## ion Bluds CHAP. VIII.

Who may she be that steals through yonder cloister,
And, as the beam of evening tints her veil,
Unconsciously discloses saintly seatures,
Inform'd with the high soul of saintly virtue?

DURING several days after Ellena's arrival at the monastery of San Stefano, she was not permitted to leave the room. The door was locked upon her, and not any person appeared except the nun, who brought her a scanty portion of food, and who was the same, that had first admitted her into that part of the convent appropriated to the abbess.

On the fourth day, when, probably, it was believed that her spirits were subdued by confinement, and by her experience of the suffering she had to expect from resistance, she was summoned to the parlour. The abbess was alone, and the air of austerity,

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with.

with which she regarded Ellena, prepared the latter to endure.

After an exordium on the heinousness of her offence, and the necessity there was for taking measures to protect the peace and dignity of a noble family, which her late conduct had nearly destroyed; the abbess informed her, that she must determine either to accept the veil, or the person whom the Marchela di Vivaldi had, of her great goodness, selected for her husband.

added the abbets, "for the generofity the Marchefa displays, in allowing you a choice on the subject. After the injury you have endeavoured to instict upon her and her samily, you could not expect that any indulgence would be shewn you. It was natural to suppose, that the Marchesa would have punished you with severity; instead of which, she allows you to enter into our society; or, if you have not strength of mind sufficient to enable you to return into it,

it, and gives you a fuitable partner to support you through its cares and toils,—a partner much more suitable to your circumstances than him, to whom you had the temerity to lift your eye."

Ellena blufhed at this coarse appeal to her pride, and perfevered in a diffainful filence. Thus to give to injuffice the colouring of mercy, and to acts most absolutely tyrannical the foftening tints of generolity, excited her honest indignation. She was not, however, thocked by a discovery of the deligns formed against her, fince, from the moment of her arrival at San Stefano, the had expected fomething terribly fevere, and had prepared her mind to meet it with fortitude; for the believed, that, fo supported, the should weary the malice of her enemies, and finally triumph over misfortune. It was only when the thought of Vivaldi that her courage failed, and that the injuries she endured seemed too heavy to be long fulfained.

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"You are silent!" faid the abbes, after a pause of expectation. "Is it possible, then, that you can be ungrateful for the generofity of the Marchefa? But, though you may at present be insensible to her goodness, I will forbear to take advantage of your indifcretion, and will still allow you liberty of choice. You may retire to your chamber, to confider and to decide. But remember, that you must abide by the determination you shall avow; and, that you will be allowed no appeal from the alternatives, which are now placed before you.-If you reject the veil, you must accept the husband who is offered you."

"It is unnecessary," said Ellena, with an air of dignified tranquillity, "that I should withdraw for the purposes of considering and deciding. My resolution is already taken, and I reject each of the offered alternatives. I will neither condemn myself to a closster, or to the degradation, with which I am threatened on the other hand. Having said this, I am prepared to meet

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whatever fuffering you shall inslict upon me; but be assured, that my own voice never shall fanction the evils to which I may be subjected, and that the immortal love of justice, which fills all my heart, will sustain my courage no less powerfully than the sense of what is due to my own character. You are now acquainted with my sentiments and my resolutions; I shall repeat them no more.

The abbess, whose surprise had thus long suffered Ellena to speak, still fixed upon her a stern regard, as she said, "Where is it that you have learned these heroics, and acquired the rashness which thus prompts you to avow them!—the boldness which enables you to insult your Superior, a priestess of your holy religion, even in her sanctuary!"

"The fanctuary is prophaned," faid Ellena, mildly, but with dignity: "it is become a prison. It is only when the Superior ceases to respect the precepts of that holy religion, the precepts which teach her justtice and benevolence, that she herself is no

longer

longer respected. The very sentiment which bids us revere its mild and beneficent laws, bids us also reject the violators of them: when you command me to reverence my religion, you urge me to condemn yourself."

"Withdraw!" faid the abbes, rising impatiently from her chair; "your admonition, so becomingly delivered, shall not be forgotten."

Ellena willingly obeyed, and was led back to her cell, where she sat down pensively, and reviewed her conduct. Her judgment approved of the frankness, with which she had afferted her rights, and of the firmness, with which she had reproved a woman, who had dared to demand respect from the very victim of her cruelty and oppression. She was the more satisfied with herself, because she had never, for an instant, forgotten her own dignity so far, as to degenerate into the vehemence of passion, or to faulter with the weakness of fear. Her conviction of the abbes's unworthy character was too clear

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fence; for the regarded only the centure of the good, to which the had ever been as tremblingly alive, as the was obdurately infentible to that of the vicious.

Ellena, having now afferted her refohrtions, determined to avoid, if puffible, all repetition of fcenes like the laft, and to repel by filence only, whatever indignity might be offered her. She knew that she must fuffer, and she resolved to endure. Of the three evils, which were placed before her, that of confinement, with all its melancholy accompaniments, appeared confiderably less severe, than either the threatened marriage, or a formal renunciation of the world: either of which would devote her, during life, to mifery, and that by her own act. Her choice, therefore, had been eafy, and the way was plain before her. If the could endure with calmness the hardships which she could not avoid, half their weight would be unfelt; and she now most strenuously endeavoured to attain the

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that had long fifte dien feve of this world. the firengtheof shind, which was necessary to fupport luch equanility and to negro with the abbets, He was kept a elderpitloner; but on the fifth evening the was permitted to attend verpers. As the walked through the garden to the chapel, the ordinary freshires of the open att, and the verdure of the trees and throbs were lunderies to her, who had to long been defricted from the common bleffings of hardrey She followed the huns to a chapel where they afailly performed their devotions, and was there feated among the neviseer a The folemnity of the fervice, and particularly of thole parts, which were accompanied by mufic, touched all her heart, and foothed proach immediatelying har baraid elevated her printer Among the voices of the choir, was one

whole expression immediately fixed her attention, it feemed to speak a lottier fentiment of devotion than the others, and to be modulated by the melancholy of an heart, number of terms as the section of the first that

that had long fince taken leave of this world. Whether it swelled with the high peal of the organ, or mingled in low and trembling accents with the finking chorus, Ellena felt that the understood all the feelings of the breaft from which it flowed; and she looked to the gallery where the nuns were affembled, to discover a countenance, that might feem to accord with the fenfibility expressed in the voice. As no strangers were admitted to the chapel, some of the fisters had thrown back their veils, and she saw little that interested her in their various faces; but the figure and attitude of a nun, kneeling in a remote part of the gallery, beneath a lamp, which threw its rays affant her head, perfectly agreed with the idea she had formed of the finger, and the found feemed to approach immediately from that direction. Her face was concealed by a black veil, whose transparency, however, permitted the fairness of her complexion to appear; but the air of her head, and the fingularity of VOL. I.

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of her attitude, for the was the only perform who remained kneeling, fufficiently indicated the fuperior degree of ferventy and penitence, which the voice had expecteders When the hymnihad gealed the role from Hernkness, and Ellena; foon after, observe ing her throw back her weil, discovered, by the lamp, which thed its full light upon her features a countenance that infantly confirmed her conjecture. It was touched with a melancholy kind of relignation; yet grief feemed still to occasion the palenels, and the air of languor, that prevailed over it, and which disappeared only when the momentary energy of devotion feemed to lift her spirit above this world, and to impart to it fomewhat of a feraphic grandeur. At those moments her blue eyes were raised towards Heaven, with such meek, yet fervent love, fuch fubline enthufialm as the heads of Guido fometimes display, and! which renewed, with Ellena, all the enchanting Illena endeavouted to inse

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changing affects of the voice the bade just who remained kneeling, jufficiently breist baw hile the regarded the man with a degroe of interell which rendered her intentible to revery to there object dinn the schapel, the fancied the scould perceive the columness in her countenance to be that of despairs rather than of telignation; for when their thoughts were not elevated in prayers there was frequently a fixedness in ther tools one energetic for common foffering, or for the temper of mind, which may lead to perfect refignations like had, however, much that attached the lympathy of Ellena, and much that feemed to speak a fimilarity of feelings Dilena was not only foothed, but inflome degree comforted, while the gazed upon her in felfishines which may perhaps, be pardoned, when it is considered, that the that knew there was one human being the leaft, in the convent, who must be capable of feeling piny, and willing to adminifer confolation. I Ellena endeavoured to incer

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her eyes that the might inform her of the regard the had impired, and texpress her own unhappingles; but the numewas forequestion, that the did not fucceed, its distribution and bield to desirable the list.

Assisting ileft, the bhapely however, the nun parted close by Ellena, who threw back her veil, and fixed upon her a look to Supplicating and expressive that the nun paufed, and in her turn regarded the novice, not with hirprize only, but with a mixture of chinishty and compellion of faint bluffe croffed her cheek, her spirits feemed to faulter, and the was nawilling to withdraw her eyes from Ellena i but it was necessary about the should continue in the procession, and, bidding her farevel by a finile of ineffable pity, the paffed on to the court, while Ellens followed with attention Mill fixed upon the fifter, who foon dif. appeared beyond the doorway of the Ab. befels apartment, and Ellenighad nearly reached her own, before herithoughts were fufficiently thShe

her eye, that ill might idform her of the fasticiently distingaged quiptermits her to enquire the mane of the dranger, quitau icwo. nesque norganical distribution die dichnot perhaps," faid her conductrefs one besouth shi She is very handsome," faid Ellens. West Many of the fifters are for replied Margaritones with an lainen diquered shoot The Dadoubredly Maid Elleran Schutche, wheth I mean; has a most touching counter nance; frank, noble, full lof fentility; and there is a gentle melancholy in her eyer which cannot but interest all who Segmedico facilitat and the was personness Filena was to fascinated by this interesting nant, that the forgot the was deforibing her to a person, whose callous heart rendered her intentible to the influence of any counremarice, except, perhaps, the commanding one of the lady abbelt pand to whole, therefore, a description of the line traits, which Ellow felt, was as unintelligible as would have been an Arabic infeription lufficiently " She L 3

sew Shellie palled the bloding of youth," Continued Titelax, Milbunalous to be unidergood; looped fietretained all this interesting graces und addentowithentithe dignity piffishe in the lame partee? this gallery; to hat H you mean that the is of middle age," interrupted Margaritone, previous, it is files Olivia you mention for we are all younger than the is: " a well and hounged mEllena, talling her eyes almost whitenfollowity, as the num follow this, i fixed them upon a face fallow, meagre, feemingly hear fifty years an inhabitant of this world want the could lieurcely suppress the suprize the felt, gain perceiving stuch diretched value dingering among the chilled pathons of fo repultivesa frame, band within the Heghelstered frade of la shoifter in Marganitone, Milliedlous of the praise bestowed on Olivia, repelled all further enquiry, and, having atsended Ellena to her cells locked her up for with here We the advance in the Hginlads nOd her veil, a reproof which the immediately

The the following devening Elletta was again permitted to attend, velicits, and new the way most the schapel, the hope of feeing her ginterestings favourite, reanimated therefrings favourite, reanimated therefrings favourite, reanimated therefrings favourite, reanimated therefrings for the gallery; as on the preceding night, the again appeared, and kneelings as before, beneath the lamps in private orison, for the service was not begun.

patience the felt to express her regard, and no be noticed by the holy fifter, dillothe should have sinished as When the man role, and sobjected Ellena, the differ her well, and sitting on her the same enquiring eye, her countenance brightened into a smile so full of ecompassion band, intelligence, that Ellena, sofgetting the alectronist of the place, destroyed the decorates of the place, destroyed the decorates of the series of the same approach her is it she soul, which beamed forth in that simile, half long been acquainted with hers. As she advanced, the number ped her veil, a reproof which she immediately

the table a little batte containing refresh-

dear; but her attention remained fixed on

the nun duling the whole lervice.

At the conclusion, when they left the chapel, and she law Olivia pass without noticing her. Ellena could scarcely restrain her tears; she returned in deep dejection to her rooth. The regard of this nun was not only delightful, but seemed necessary to her heart, and she dwelt, with fond perseverance, on the smile that had expressed to much, and which threw one gleam of comfort, even through the bars of her prison.

Her reverie was foon interrupted by a light step, that approached her cell, and in the next moment the door was unlocked, and Olivia herfelf appeared. Ellena rose with emotion to meet her; the nun held forth her hand to receive hers.

You are unused to confinement, fald the curtiying mournfully, and placing on the

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ment, "and out hand fare" of hand out hand fare

a look expressive of her gratitude; " you have a heart that can pity, though you inhabit these wails:—you have suffered too and know the delicate generosity of softening the forrows of others, by any attention that may tell them your sympathy. Of if I could express how much the sense of this affects me

Hears interrupted her. Olivia profied her hand, looked steadily upon her faces and was somewhat agitated, but she foon recovered apparent tranquillity, and saids with a serious smile, "You judge, rightly, my sister, respecting my sentiments should ever you may do concerning my sentiments should ever you may do concerning my sufferings. My heart is not insensible to pipulifor to you my child. You were designed for happier days that you can hope to find within these claimes!"

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"Mo guiding har A.S. mon gaightur She

She checked her lelf as if the had allowed too much, and then added, But you may, present the property and fince it confoles you to know that you have a friend near you believe me that friend—but believe it in flence. I will writ you when I am permitted—but do not enquire for me; and if my writes are short, do not press me to lengthen them.

faultering voice. "How sweet too it is!

you will wifit me, and I am pitied by

no more; I may be observed. Good night, my fatter; may your flumbers be

Ellena's heart funk. She had not fpinits to fay, "Good night!" but her eyes, covered with tears, faid more. The min turned her own away fuddenly, and, preffing her hand in filence, left the cell. Ellena,

firm and tranquil under the infults of the allowed allowed allowed allowed and the state of the action of the allowed was now melted into fears by the kinds of a friend. I hele gentle fears and three it comoies were refreshing to her long-oppressed his rits and the indulged them. Of Vivaldi the thought with more compositive than the had done since the left the villa Afrien; and fomething like hope began to revive in her heart, though reflection offered no-

On the following morning, the perceived that the door of her cell had not been closed. She rose impatiently, and, not without a hope of liberty, immediately passed it. The cell, opening upon a short passage, which communicated with the main building, and which was thut up by a door, was feebuded, and almost insulated from every other chamber; and this door being now fecured. Ellena was as truly a priforier as before. It appeared then, that the nunhad omitted to fallen the cell only for the purpose of allowing her more space to walk

in the paffage, and the was grateful for the attention. Still more the wastele, when, having traverled in the perceived one extremity terminate in a narrow illiair-cale, that appeared to lead to other chambers.

She aftended the winding steps haltily, and found they led only to a door, opening into a small room, where nothing remarkable appeared, till the approached the windows, and beheld thence an horizon, and a landscape spread belowy whose grandeur awakened all her heart offhe consciouiness of her prison was lost, while her eyes ranged over the wide and freelyfebline frene without. She perceived that this chamber was within a final turnet, projeding from an angle of the convent over the walls, and suspended, as in air, above the vall precipices of granite, that formed pare of the mountain Thele predipices were broken into chiffs, which, in forme blaces, impended for above their bafe, and, in others, role, in nearly perpendicular lines,

lines, to the walls of the monaftery, which they supported. Ellens, with a dreadful pleafure, looked down them, flagged as they were with larch, and frequently darkened by lines of gigantic pine bending along the rocky ledges, till her eye reflect on the thick chefinit woods that extended over their winding bale, and which foftening to the plains, formed to form a gradation between the variegated cultivation there, and the awful wildness of the rocks above. Round thele extensive plains were numbed the mountains, of various shape and attitude, which Ellena had admired on her approach to San Stefano; forme finded with forests of olive and almond mees but the greater part abandoned to the flocks, which in furnmer, feed on their promatic herbige, and on the approach of winter, defeend to the flictered plains of the Tovogliere di welle troken into diffs, whell, tollgone BION the left opened the dreadful pak which the had traverfed; and the thursder of Lines

of whose waters now appertured at a distance. The accumulation of overtopping points, which the mountains af this dark perspective exhibited presented an image of grandeur superior to say thing; she had feen while within the pass infelt of harmon

To Ellena, whose mind was capable of being highly elevated, or fweetly foothed by Renes of nature, the discovery of this little rerret was an important circumstance. Hi ther fhe could come, and her foul, refreshed by the views it afforded, would acquire strength to bear her, with equanimity, thro' the persecutions that might await her. Here, gazing upon the Supendons imagery around her, looking, as it were, beyond the awful veil which obscures the features of the Deity, and conceals Him from the eyes of bis creatures, dwelling as with a prefent God in the midst of his sublime works; with a mind thus elevated, how infignificant would appear to her the transactions, and the infferings of this world ! How poor bas

poor the brailed power of man, when the fall of a fingle, cliff from thele mountains would with enforded roy thoulands of his would it avail them, that they were accounted for battle, armed with all the infirments of defination that human invention ever fallioned? Thus man, the giant who now held her in captivity, would firstly to the distinutiveness of a fairy; and the would experience, that his utmost force was unable to enchain her foul, or compel her to fear him, while he was definate of wirtue.

Ellens's attention was recalled from the feere without by a found from within the gallery, and the then heard a key turning in the door of the pallage. Easing that it was fifter Margaritone who approached, and who, informed by her absence of the confolatory turnet the had discovered, would perhaps debar her from ever returning to it. Ellens descended with a palpitating heart,

and found that nun in the cell. Surprize and feverity were in her countenance, when the enquired by what means Ellena had unclosed the door, and whither the had been.

Ellena aniwered without any prevarication, that she had found the door unfastened, and that she had visited the turret
above; but she forbore to express a wish
to return thither, judging that such an expression would certainly exclude her in suture. Margaritone, after sharply rebulking
her for prying beyond the passage, and serting down the breakfast she had brought,
lest the room, the door of which she did
not forget to secure. Thus Ellena was at
once deprived of so innocent a means of
consolation as her pleasant turret had afforded.

During feveral days, the law only the auftere nun, except when the attended velpers; where, however, the was to vigilantly observed, that the felled to speak with Olivia.

and found that functor the cell. Surprise

Olivia; even by her eyes. Olivia's were often fixed upon her face, and with a kind of expression which Ellena, when the did venture to look at her, could not perfectly interpret. It was not only of pity, but of anxious curiosity, and of something also like sear. A blush would sometimes wander over her cheek, which was succeeded by an extreme paleness, and by an air of such universal languor as precedes a fainting sitt but the exercises of devotion seemed frequently to recal her seeting spirits, and to elevate them with hope and courage.

When she lest the chapel, Ellena saw Olivia no more that night; but on the following morning she came with breakfast to the cell. A character of peculiar sadness

was on her brow.

O! how glad I am to fee you!" faid Ellena; " and how much I have regretted your long absence! I was obliged to remember constantly what you had enjoined, to forbear enquiring after you."

The

The nun replied with a melantholy finile, "I come in obedience to our lady abbeist" faid the, as the leated herself on Ellena's mattress.

And did you not with to come? I laid Ellens, mournfully o whom I had slegs hem.

cept either; that force maken shift shift

quired Etleria. stand-son double swore ratte

Olivia was filent a moment of hoo me I

faid Ellehanst was properly of evil dews!

only reluctant to afflict you; and I fear you have too many attachments to the world, to allow you to receive, without forrow, what I have to communicate. I am ordered to prepare you for the vows, and to fay, that, fince you have rejected the hulband which was proposed to you, you are to accept the veil; that many of the customary forms

mony of taking the black veil, will follow without delay that of receiving the whiteone."

The nun pauled; and Ellena faid, when are an unwilling bearer of this cruel message; and I replyionly to the lady abbies, when I declare, that I never will accept either; that force may send me to the altar, but that it never shall compel me to utter vows which my heart abbors; and if I am constrained to appear there, it shall be only to protest against her tyramy, and against the form intended to sanction it?

To Olivia this answer was so fan from being displeasing, that it appeared to give her fatisfaction.

faid the; "but I will not condemn it.
You have, no doubt, connections in the
world which would render a feclusion from
it afflicting. You have relations, friends,
from whom it would be dreadful to part?"

"I have neither," faid Ellena, fighing.

477

... 16 No ! Can that be possible? and yes you are for unwilling touretire! "laluter mov

"I have only one friend," replied Filena, " and it is of him they would deprive met's

"Pardon, my love, the abruptness of these enquiries," faid Olivia; of yet, while I entreat your forgiveness, I am inclined to offend again, and to alk your name? nov for

of " That is a question I will readily answer, My name is Ellena di Rofalba.

ad How ?" faid Olivia, with tan air nof deliberation; "Ellena dis desermante vono

Di Rufalba; repeated her companion; " and permit me to alk your motive for the enquiry i do you know any perion of my herefred to you," find Ohvia ... I'll smith

No, replied the nun, mountfully; Mobar your features have fome refemblance to those of a friend I once had? now use As the fuid this, her agitation was apparent, and the rofe to go. . MI must not lengthen my visit, lest I should be forbidden to repeat it," faid she. "What answer shall I give to the

the abbes? If you are determined to reject the veil, allow me to advise you to foften your refusal as much as possible I am, perhaps, better acquainted with her character than you are; and O, my fifter! I would not fee you pining away your existence in this folitary cell? bish seighing

for How much I am obliged by the interest you express for my welfare," faid Ellena, and by the advice you offer! I will yield my judgment in this inflance to yours ; you thall modulate my refutal as you think proper : but remember that it must be absolute; and beware, left the abbess should mistake gentlenels for irrefolution. In mining bins

Trust me, I will be cautious in all that relates to you," faid Olivia. " Farewell! I will visit you, if possible, in the evening. In the mean time the door hall be left open, that you may have more air and prospect than this cell affords. That staircase leads to a pleafant chamber." 1834, 144 394 917 12 1 181 181 181 1 1 have

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"I have visited it already," replied Ellena, "and have to thank you for the
goodness, which permitted me to do so.
To go thither will greatly foothe my spirits;
if I had some book, and my drawing instruments, I could almost forget my forrows
there."

"Could you so?" said the nun, with an affectionate smile. "Adieu! I will endead your to see you in the evening. If sister Margaritone returns, be careful not to enquire for me; non once ask her for the little indulgence I give you."

Olivia withdrew, and Ellena retired to the chamber above, where the loft for a while all fense of forrow amidst the great scenery, which its windows exhibited.

At noon, the step of Margaritone summoned Ellena from her retreat, and she was surprised that no reproof followed this second discovery of her absence. Margaritone only said, that the abbest had the goodness to permit Ellena to dine with the novices.

novices, and that the came to conduct her ensect with which is thankous designed

Ellena did not rejoice in this pertuition, preferring to remain in her foliaty turret, to the being exposed to the examining eyes of firangers; and she followed dejectedly, through the filent passages to the apartment where they were allembled. She was not less furprised than embarrafied to observe, in the manners of young people refiding in a convent, an ablence of that decorum, which includes beneath its modest fhade every grace that ought to adorn the female character, like the veil which gives dignity to their air and fofmers to their feat tures. When Ellena entered the room, the eyes of the whole company were immediately fixed upon her; the young ladies begarbite whifper and fmile, and shewed, by various means, that the was the fubject of convertation, not otherwife than beenforious. No one advanced to meet and to encourage her, to welcome her to the table, novices.

or Itill less display one of those nameless graces, with which a generous and delibate mind delights to reanimate the modest and the unfortunate.

Ellena took a chair in filence; and, though the had at first felt forlorn and embarrassed by the impertinent manners of her companions, a consciousness of innocence gradually revived her spirits, and enabled her to resume an air of dignity, which represed this rude presumption.

Etlena returned to her cell, for the first time, with eagerness. Margaritone did not fasten the door of it, but she was careful to secure that of the passage; and even this small indulgence she seemed to allow with a furly reluctance, as if compelled to obey the command of a superior. The moment she was gone, Ellena withdrew to her pleasant turret, where, after having suffered from the coarse manners of the novices, her gratifule was the more lively, when she perceived the delicate attention of her beloved

loved nun. It appeared that she had visited the chamber in Ellena's absence, and had caused to be brought thither a chair and a table, on which were placed some books, and a knot of fragrant slowers. Ellena did not repress the grateful tears, which the generous feelings of Olivia excited; and she forbore, for some moments, to examine the books, that the pleasing emotions she experienced might not be interrupted.

On looking into these books, however, she perceived, that some of them treated of mystical subjects, which she laid aside with disappointment; but in others she observed a few of the best Italian poets, and a volume or two of Guicciardini's history. She was somewhat surprised, that the poets should have sound their way to the library of a nun, but was too much pleased with the discovery to dwell on the enquiry.

Having arranged her books, and fet her little room in order, she seated herself at a window,

window, and, with a volume of Taffo, endeavoured to banish every painful remembrance from her mind. She continued wandering in the imaginary scenes of the poet, till the fading light recalled her to those of reality. The sun was set, but the mountain-tops were still lighted up by his beams, and a tint of glorious purple coloured all the west, and began to change the fnowy points on the horizon. The filence and repose of the vast scene, promoted the tender melancholy that prevailed in her heart; she thought of Vivaldi, and wept-of Vivaldi, whom she might, perhaps, never fee again, though fhe doubted not that he would be indefatigable in fearching for her. Every particular of their last conversation, when he had so earnestly lamented the approaching separation, even while he allowed of its propriety, came to her mind; and, while she witnessed, in imagination, the grief and distraction, which her mysterious departure and absence must have have occasioned him, the fortitude, with which she had resisted her own sufferings, yielded to the picture of his.

The vesper-bell, at length, summoned her to prepare for mals, and she descended to her cell to await the arrival of her conductress. It was Margaritone, who foon appeared; but in the chapel she, as usual, faw Olivia, who, when the fervice had concluded, invited her into the garden of the convent. There, as the walked beneath the melancholy cypreffes, that, ranged on either fide the long walks, formed a majestic canopy, almost excluding the evening twilight, Olivia conversed with her on ferious, but general, topics, carefully avoiding any mention of the abbefs, and of the affairs of Ellena. The latter, anxious to learn the effect of her repeated rejection of the veil. ventured to make some enquiries, which the nun immediately discouraged, and as cautiously checked the grateful effusions of her young friend for the attentions she had received.

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Olivia

Olivia accompanied Ellena to her cell, and there no longer scrupled to relieve her from uncertainty. With a mixture of frankness and discretion, she related as much of the conversation, that had passed between herself and the abbess, as it appeared necessary for Ellena to know, from which it seemed that the former was as obstinate, as the latter was firm.

"Whatever may be your resolution," added the nun, "I earnestly advise you, my sister, to allow the Superior some hope of compliance, lest she proceed to extremities."

"And what extremity can be more terrible," replied Ellena, "than either of those, to which she would now urge me? Why should I descend to practice dissimulation?"

" To fave yourself from undeserved sufferings," said Olivia mournfully.

ones," observed Ellena; "and forfeit such

peace of mind as my oppressors never could restore to me." As she said this, she looked at the nun with an expression of gentle reproach and disappointment.

"I applaud the justness of your fentiment," replied Olivia, regarding her with tenderest compassion. "Alas! that a mind so noble should be subjected to the power of injuffice and depravity!"

" Not subjected," said Ellena, " do not fay fubjected. I have accustomed myfelf to contemplate those sufferings; I have chosen the least of such as were given to my choice, and I will endure them with fortitude; and can you then fay that I am fubjected?"

"Alas, my fifter! you know not what you promife," replied Olivia; "you do not comprehend the fufferings which may be preparing for you."

As she spoke, her eyes filled with tears, and the withdrew them from Ellena, who, furprised at the extreme concern on her countenance, entreated the would explain herfelf.

"I am not certain, myself, as to this point," said Olivia; " and if I were, I should not dare to explain it." si of guide to

"Not dare!" repeated Ellena, mournfully. "Can benevolence like yours know fear, when courage is necessary to prevent evil?"

"Enquire no further!" faid Olivia; but no blush of conscious duplicity stained her cheek. "It is sufficient that you understand the consequence of open resistance to be terrible, and that you consent to avoid it."

"But how avoid it, my beloved friend, without incurring a confequence which, in my apprehension, would be yet more dreadful? How avoid it, without either subjecting myself to a hateful marriage, or accepting the vows? Either of these events would be more terrible to me, than any thing with which I may be menaced."

gination cannot draw the horrors of But, my fifter, let me repeat, that I would fave

fave you! O, how willingly fave you from the evils preparing! and that the only chance of doing fo is, by prevailing with you to abandon at least the appearance of resistance."

"Your kindness deeply affects me," said Ellena; "and I am fearful of appearing infensible of it, when I reject your advice; yet I cannot adopt it. The very dissimulation, which I should employ in self-defence, might be a means of involving me in destruction."

As Ellena concluded, and her eyes glanced upon the nun, unaccountable suspicion occurred to her, that Olivia might be infincere, and that, at this very moment, when the was advising distimulation, the was endeavouring to draw Ellena into some fnare, which the abbess had laid. She fickened at this dreadful supposition, and dismiffed it without fuffering herfelf to examine its probability. That Olivia, from whom she had received so many attentions, whose countenance and manners announced so fair a mind, and for whom she had conceived coart or M 4

ceived so much esteem and affection, should be cruel and treacherous, was a suspicion that gave her more pain, than the actual imprisonment in which she suffered; and when she looked again upon her face, Ellena was consoled by a clear conviction, that she was utterly incapable of persidy.

"If it were possible that I could consent to practise deceit," resumed Ellena, after a long pause, "what could it avail me? I am entirely in the power of the abbes, who would soon put my sincerity to the proof; when a discovery of my duplicity would only provoke her vengeance, and I should be punished even for having sought to avoid injustice."

"If deceit is at any time excusable," replied Olivia, reluctantly, "it is when we
practise it in self-defence. There are some
rare situations, when it may be resorted to
without our incurring ignominy, and yours
is one of those. But I will acknowledge,
that all the good I expect is from the delay
which

which temporizing may procure you. The Superior, when flie understands there is a probability of obtaining your confent to her wishes, may be willing to allow you the usual time of preparation for the veil, and meanwhile something may occur to rescue you from your present situation.

Ah? could I but believe fo! faid Ellena; but, alas! what power can refcue me? And I have not one relative remaining even to attempt my deliverance. To what possibility do you allude?"

The Marchela may relent.

"Does, then, your possibility of good rest with her, my dear friend? If so, I am in despair again; for such a chance of benefit, there would certainly be little policy in forfeiting one's integrity."

"There are also other possibilities, my sister," faid Olivia; "but hark! what bell is that? It is the chime which assembles the nuns in the apartment of the abbess, where she dispenses her evening benedic-

M 5

tion.

tion. My absence will be observed. Good night, my sister. Reslect on what I have advised; and remember, I conjure you, to consider, that the consequence of your decision must be solemn, and may be fatal."

The nun spoke this with a look and emphasis so extraordinary, that Ellena at once wished and dreaded to know more; but before she had recovered from her surprize, Olivia had left the room.

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He, like the tenant

Of some night-haunted ruin, bore an aspect - 1 Of horror, worn to habitude

odt la ano som is an Mysterious Mother.

rack howeste means of gently or knowning HE adventurous Vivaldi, and his fervant Paulo, after passing the night of Ellena's departure from villa Altieri in one of the fubterraneous chambers of the fort of Paluzzi, and yielding, at length, to exhaulted nature, awoke in terror and utter darkness, for the flambeau had expired. When a recollection of the occurrences of the preceding evening returned, they renewed their efforts for liberty with ardour. The grated window was again examined, and being found to overlook only a confined court of the fortress, no hope appeared of escaping.

The words of the monk returned with Vivaldi's first recollections, to torture him

M 6

with

with apprehension, that Ellena was no more; and Paulo, unable either to console or to appeale his master, sat down dejectiedly beside him. Paulo had no longer a hope to suggest, or a joke to throw away; and he could not forbear seriously remarking, that to die of hunger was one of the most horrible means of death, or lamenting the rashness which had made them liable to so sad a probability.

He was in the midst of a very pathetic oration, of which, however, his master did not hear a single word, so wholly was his attention engaged by his own melancholy thoughts, when on a sudden he became silent, and then, starting to his feet, exclaimed, "Signor, what is yonder? Do you see nothing?"

Vivaldi looked round hase ship asw with

"It is certainly a ray of light," continued Paulo; "and I will foon know where it comes from."

As he faid this he fprung forward, and his surprize almost equalled his joy when he discovered that the light iffued through the door of the wallt, which flood a little open. He could fearcely believe his fenses, fince the door had been strongly fastened on the preceding night, and he had not heard its ponderous bolts undrawn. He threw it widely open, but recollecting himfelf, stopped to look into the adjoining vault before he ventured forth; when Vivaldi darted palt him, and bidding him follow inftantly, alcended to the day. The courts of the fortress were filent and vacant, and Vivaldi reached the arch-way without having observed a single person, breathless with fpeed, and fcarcely daring to believe that he had regained his liberty. Cou stort don't

Beneath the arch he stopped to recover breath, and to confider whether he should take the road to Naples, or to the villa Altieri, for it was yet early morning, and at an hour when it appeared improbable that tapennolling

Ellena's

Elfena's family would be rifen. The apprehention of her death had vanished as Vivaldi's spirits revived, which the pause of helitation sufficiently announced; but even this was the paule only of an instant; a ftrong anxiety concerning her determined him to proceed to the villa Altieris notwithflanding the unfinitableness of the hour, fince the could, at least, reconnoitre her refidence, and await till some sign of the family having rifen should appeared bounter of

Pray, Signor," faid Paulo, while his master was deliberating, "do not let us ftop here left the enemy should appear again; and do, Signor, take the road which is nearest to some house where we may get breakfast, for the fear of starving has taken fuch hold upon me, that it has nearly anticipated the reality of it already." discussed

Vivaldi immediately departed for the villa. Paulo, as he danced joyfully along, expressed all the astonishment that filled his mind, as to the cause of their late imprisonment and escape; but Vivaldi, who had now leizure to consider the subject, could not assist him in explaining it. The only certainty that appeared, was, that he had not been confined by robbers; and what interest any person could have in imprisoning him for the night, and suffering him to escape in the morning, did not appear.

On entering the garden at Altieri, he was surprized to observe that several of the lower lattices were open at this early hour, but surprize changed to terror, when, on reaching the portico, he heard a moaning of distress from the hall, and when, after loudly calling, he was answered by the piteous cries of Beatrice. The hall door was fastened, and, Beatrice being unable to open it, Vivaldi, followed by Paulo, sprang through one of the unclosed lattices; when on reaching the hall, he found the house-keeper bound to a pillar, and learned that Ellena

Ellena had been earried off during the night by armed men.

For a moment he was almost stupished by the shock of this intelligence, and then asked Beatrice a thousand questions concerning the affair, without allowing her time to answer one of them. When, however, he had patience to listen, he learned that the rushians were four in number; that they were masked; that two of them had carried Ellena through the garden, while the others, after binding Beatrice to a pillar, threatening her with death if she made any noise, and watching over her till their comrades had secured their prize, left her a prisoner. This was all the information she could give respecting Ellena.

Vivaldi, when he could think coolly, believed he had discovered the instigators and the design of the whole affair, and the cause, also, of his late confinement. It appeared that Ellena had been carried off by order of his family, to prevent the intended

tended marriage, and that he had been decoyed into the fort of Paluzzi, and kept a prisoner there, to prevent him from intercepting the scheme, which his presence at the villa Altieri would effectually have done. He had himfelf spoken of his former adventure at Paluzzi; and it now appeared, that his family had taken advantage of the curiofity he had expressed, to lead him into the vaults. The event of this design was the more certain, fince, as the fort lay in the direct road to the villa Altieri, Vivaldi could not go thither without being observed by the creatures of the Marchefa, who, by an artful manœuvre, might make him their prifoner, without employing violence.

As he considered these circumstances, it appeared certain, also, that father Schedoni was in truth the monk who had so long haunted his steps; that he was the secret adviser of his mother, and one of the authors of the predicted missortunes, which, it seemed, he possessed a too certain means

of fulfilling. Yet Vivaldi, while he admit ted the probability of all this, reflected with new aftonishment on the conduct of Schedoni, during his interview with him in the Marchefa's cabinet; the air of dignified innotence, with which he had represed acculation, the apparent famplicity, with which he had pointed out circumftances respecting the franger, that feemed to make against himself; and Vivaldi's opinion of the confeffor's duplicity began to waver . Wet what other person? said he, " could be so intimately acquainted with my concerns, or have an interest sufficiently strong for thus indefatigably thwarting me, except this confessor, who is, no doubt, well rewarded for his perfeverance? The monk can be no other than Schedoni, vet it is strange that he should have forborn to disguise his person, and should appear in his mysterious office in the very habit he usually wears !

doni, it was evident that Ellena had been carried

carried away by order of Vivaldi's family, and he immediately returned towards Naples with an intention of demanding her at their bands, not with any hope of their compliance, but believing that they might accidentally afford him some lights on the subject. If, however, he should fail to obtain any him that might affift him in traceing the route she had been carried, he determined to visit Schedoni, accuse him of persidy, urge him to a sull explanation of his conduct, and, if possible, obtain from him a knowledge of Ellena's place of confinement.

When, at length, he obtained an interview with the Marchese, and, throwing himself at his feet, supplicated that Ellena might be restored to her home, the unaffected surprize of his father overwhelmed him with astonishment and despair. The look and manner of the Marchese could not be doubted; Vivaldi was convinced that he was

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en ed was absolutely ignorant of any step which had been taken against Ellena.

"However ungraciously you have conducted yourfelf," said the Marchese, "my honour has never yet been sullied by duplicity; however I may have wished to break the unworthy connection you have formed, I should disdain to employ artifice as the means. If you really design to marry this person, I shall make no other effort to prevent such a measure, than by telling you the consequence you are to expect;—from thenceforth I will disown you for my son."

The Marchese quitted the apartment when he had said this, and Vivaldi made no attempt to detain him. His words expressed little more than they had formerly done, yet Vivaldi was shocked by the absolute menace now delivered. The stronger passion of his heart, however, soon overcame their effect; and this moment, when he began to fear that he had irrecoverably lost the object of his dearest affections, was

not the time, in which he could long feel remoter evils, or calculate the force of milfortunes which never might arrive. The nearer interest pressed folely upon his mind, and he was conscious only to the loss of Ellena.

The interview, which followed with his mother, was of a different character from that, which had occurred with the Marchele. The keen dart of suspicion, however, sharpened as it was by love and by despair, pierced beyond the veil of her duplicity; and Vivaldi as quickly detected her hypocrify as he had yielded his conviction to the sincerity of the Marchele. But his power rested here; he possessed no means of awakening her pity or actuating her justice, and could not obtain even a hint, that might guide him in his search of Ellena.

Schedoni, however, yet remained to be tried; Vivaldi had no longer a doubt as to his having caballed with the Marchefa, and that he had been an agent in removing El-

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lena.

lena. Whether he was the person who haunted the ruins of Paluzzi, still remained to be proved, for, though several circumstances seemed to declare that he was, others, not less plausible, afferted the contrary.

On leaving the Marchela's apartment, Vivaldi repaired to the convent of the Spirito Santo, and enquired for father Schedoni. The lay-brother who opened the gate, informed him that the father was in his cell, and Vivaldi stepped impatiently into the court requesting to be shewn thither.

"I dare not leave the gate, Signor," faid the brother, "but if you cross the court, and ascend that stair-case which you see yonder beyond the door-way on your right, it will lead you to a gallery, and the third door you will come to is father Schedom's."

Vivaldi passed on without seeing another human being, and not a sound disturbed the silence of this sanctuary, till, as he ascended afcended the stairs, a feeble note of lamentation proceeded from the gallery, and he concluded it was uttered by some penitent at confession.

He stopped, as he had been directed, at the third door, when, as he gently knocked, the found ceased, and the same profound filence returned. Vivaldi repeated his fummons, but, receiving no answer, he ventured to open the door. In the dusky cell within no person appeared, but he still looked round, expecting to discover some one in the dubious gloom. The chamber contained little more than a mattress, a chair, a table, and a crucifix; some books of devotion were upon the table, one or two of which were written in unknown characters; feveral instruments of torture lay be-Vivaldi shuddered as he hastily fide them. examined these, though he did not comprehend the manner of their application, and he left the chamber, without noticing any other object, and returned to the court. The

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The porter faid, that fince father Schedoni was not in his cell, he was probably either in the church or in the gardens, for that he had not passed the gates during the morning.

Did he pass yester-evening?" said Vi-

valdi, eagerly.

Yes, he returned to vespers," replied the brother with surprize.

Are you certain as to that, my friend?" rejoined Vivaldi, "are you certain that he

flept in the convent last night?"

Who is it that asks the question?" said the lay-brother, with displeasure, "and what right has he to make it? You are ignorant of the rules of our house, Signor, or you would perceive such questions to be unnecessary; any member of our community is liable to be severely punished if he sleep a night without these walls, and sather Schedoni would be the last among us so to trespass. He is one of the most pious of the brotherhood; sew indeed have courage

courage to imitate his severe example. His voluntary sufferings are sufficient for a saint. He pass the night abroad? Go, Signor, you der is the church, you will find him there, perhaps."

Vivaldi did not linger to reply. "The hypocrite!" faid he to himself as he crossed to the church, which formed one side of the quadrangle; "but I will unmask him."

The church, which he entered, was vacant and filent like the court. "Whither can the inhabitants of this place have withdrawn themselves?" said he; "wherever ligo, I hear only the echoes of my own footsteps; it seems as if death reigned here over all! But, perhaps, it is one of the hours of general meditation, and the monks have only retired to their cells."

As he paced the long airles, he fuddenly stopped to catch the startling found that murmured through the lofty roof; but it seemed to be only the closing of a distant vol. 1:

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door. Yet he often looked forward into the facred gloom, which the painted win dows threw over the remote perspective, in the expediation of perceiving a monkief He was not long disappointed; a person appeared. Standing filently in an obfcure part of the cloister, cloathed in the habit of this fociety, and he advanced towards him means this mummery?" half her th

The monk did not avoid Vivaldi, or even turn to observe who was approaching, but remained in the same attitude, fixed like a statue. This tall and gaunt figure had, at a distance, reminded him of Schedoni, and Vivaldi, as he now looked under the cowl, discovered the ghastly countenance of the confessor to this was an and the state of

"Have I found you at last?" faid Vivaldi "I would speak with you, father in private. This is not a proper place for fuch formed a first ing ".blod flum aw as almoglib

Schedoni made no reply and Vivaldings once again looking at him, observed that . der

his features were fixed, and his eyes bent towards the ground. The words of Vi-danding, nor to have reached his under-flanding, nor even to have made any in-prefficit on his fehiles and have made any in-

He repeated them in a louder tone, but still not a single line of Schedoni's countenance acknowledged their influence. "What means this mummery?" said he, his patience exhausted, and his indignation arousted; "This wretched subterfuge shall not protect you, you are detected, your stratagems are known! Restore Ellena di Rosalba to her home, or confess where you have concealed her."

Schedoni was still filent and unmoved. A respect for his age and profession withheld Vivaldi from feizing and compelling him to answer; but the agony of impatience and indignation which he suffered, formed a striking contrast to the death-like apathy of the monk. "I now also know you," continued Vivaldi, "for my tormentor

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at Paluzzi, the prophet of evils, which you too well practifed the means of fulfilling, the predictor of the death of Signora Bianchi." Schedoni frowned. "The forewarner of Ellena's departure; the phantom who decoyed me into the dungeons of Paluzzi; the prophet and the artificer of all my misfortunes."

The monk raifed his eyes from the ground, and fixed them with terrible expression upon Vivaldi, but was still silent.

Yes, father," added Vivaldi, "I know and will proclaim you to the world. I will strip you of the holy hypocrify in which you shroud yourself; announce to all your fociety the despicable artifices you have employed, and the misery you have occasioned. Your character shall be announced aloud."

While Vivaldi spoke, the monk had withdrawn his eyes, and fixed them again on the ground. His countenance had refumed its usual expression.

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that w left it my oke the just venge.

"Wretch! restore to me Ellena di Rofalba!" cried Vivaldi, with the sudden
anguish of renewed despair. "Tell me at
least, where she may be found, or you shall
be compelled to do so. Whither, whither
have you conveyed her?"

As he pronounced this in loud and paffionate accents, several ecclesiastics entered the cloisters, and were passing on to the body of the church, when his voice arrested their attention. They paused, and perceiving the singular attitude of Schedoni, and the frantic gesticulations of Vivaldi, hastily advanced towards them. "Forbear!" said one of the strangers, as he seized the cloak of Vivaldi, "do you not observe!"

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"Forbear this desperate conduct," faid the priest, " lest it provoke the just venge-

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ance of Heaven in Do you not observe the holy office in which he is engaged? // pointing stanthe monks to Leave the church while you - mare permitted to do souin fafety; exoundufpect not the punishment you may provoke." the divillence quit the spottill you apswer my unquiries," laid Vivaldino Schedoni, b without deligning even to look upon the prieft; or Mhere, I repeat, is Ellena di Rolabad" guid The confessor was still filent and unmovbred. This is beyond all patience, and all "belief," continued Vivaldi. o" Speak L. Anoffwer me, or dread what Linay unfold. bYet -Tilent la Do you know the convent del Pianhat and Do you know the confessional of the become lable, to having sintenting Ashlen rog Wivaldi thought he perceived the countenance of the monk fuffer some change. Do bou remember that sterrible might," he addedd " when, on the steps of that conei festionalo a tale was told ?" - richisput sid Schedoni railed his eyes, and fixing them once more on Vivaldi, with a look that es Peace!" feemed N.A

feemed intended to firike him to the duft. grantagalint ly ag cried the lihe at tremendous uovoidely tiavadat! dacrilegioùs boyla Eremble I for the confequence of thy desperate imped act the punishment you may provide. whashe concluded, hepftarted from his inposition, and gliding with the fillent swiftfinels of a hadow along the cloiter; vanished in an inflaint. in Vivaldi, when attempting to vourfue him, was feized by the furrounding Ilsmonks of Infentible to his fufferings, and exasperated by his affertions, they threaten-19 ed. that if he did not immediately leave the -moch vent, he should be confined, and underedgo the fevere punishment to which he had, become liable, for having disturbed and even -ninfulted one of their holy order while pertenance of the some police for some ferrance. the has need of fuch acts," faid Vivaldi; and but when candthey reffere the happiness his treachery has destroyed? Your order is diffraced by such a member, reverend faonce more on Vivaldis withuck leaforthat feemed " Peace !" N A

"Peace!" cried a monk, "he is the pride of our house; he is severe in his devotion, and in self-punishment terrible beyond the reach of—But I am throwing away my commendations, I am talking to one who is not permitted to value or to understand the sacred mysteries of our exercises."

"Away with him to the Padre Abbate!" cried an enraged priest; "away with him

to the dungeon!"

"Away! away!" repeated his companions, and they endeavoured to force Vivaldi through the cloifters. But with the fudden strength which pride and indignation lent him, he burst from their united hold, and, quitting the church by another door, escaped into the street.

Vivaldi returned home in a state of mind that would have engaged the pity of any heart, which prejudice or self-interest had not hardened. He avoided his father, but sought the Marchesa, who, triumphant in the fuccess of her plan, was still insensible to the sufferings of her fon. of the shing

When the Marchela had been informed of his approaching marriage, the had, as usual, confulted with her confessor on the means of preventing it, who had advised the scheme she adopted, a scheme which was the more eafily carried into effect, fince the Marchefa had early in life been acquainted with the abbels of San Stefano, and knew, therefore, enough of her character and disposition to confide, without helitation, the management of this important affair to her discretion. The answer of the abbels to her proposal, was not merely acquiescent, but zealous, and it appeared that the too faithfully justified the confidence reposed in her. After this plan had been so fuccessfully prosecuted, it was not to be hoped that the Marchefa would be prevailed upon to relinquish it by the tears, the anguish, or all the varied sufferings of her fon. Vivald now reproved the eafinels of

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this own confidence in having hoped in and quitted her cabinet with a deliponden cythat cerning Ellena, Hisqlete beliese flouriser or of The faithful Paulo obeyed the hafty fummons of his mafter, but he had not duceeded in obtaining intelligence of Ellenz and Vivaldi, having difmiffed him again son the befamemenquiry, i retired nto bhis apartment, where the excels of grief, and a feeble hope of deviling former fuccelsful mode of reamedy, alternately agitated and detained fiftermen repoting in the thade, littlenid to doid in the evening profile far and anxious for rchange, though fearcely knowing whither nonbend his course, he left the palace, and firelied down to the fea-beach A few fiftermen and lazzaroni only were loitering ralong the Brand, waiting for boats from St. Thursday Vivaldi with folded arms and this mhat drawn over his face to fliade his forfow from observation, paced the edge of the waves, liftening to their mumaur, as they ibbroke gently at his feet, and gazing upon hwith 0 M W their

ortheir undulating beauty, while all confeignftameforwas doll in intelancholy neveries concerning Ellena. Herelate relidence appearmed at a diffance, rifing over the shore. He remembered how often from thence they had bagether viewed this lovely foened Ats feaadvices had now lost their charms they were treolourless and uninteresting a or impressed equally mouraful ideas. The fea fluctuating - beneath the fetting fun, the long mole and beits light-house tipped with the last rays, fishermen reposing in the shade, little boats Tolkimming over the fmooth waters, which retheir oars doarcely dimpled thefer were brimages that brought to his recollection the waffelting evening when he had last feen this picture from the villa Altieri, when, feated dinabel orangery with Elleha and Blanchi, on ai the night preceding the death of the latter, wEllena herfelf had to folemnly been given o to his care, and had so affectingly consentved to the dying request of her relative. The accollection of that feene came to Wivaldi with N 6 their

with all the force of contrall, and renewed all the anguish of despair; he paced the anguish beach with quicker steps, and long groans are burst from his heart. He accused himself and of indifference and inactivity, for having the been thus long unable to discover a single incircumstance which might direct his fearch; and though he knew not whither to go, he determined to leave Naples immediately, and return no more to his father's mansion till he should have rescued Ellena.

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Of some fishermen who were conversing together upon the beach, he enquired would accommodate him with a boat, in which he meant to coast the bay; for it appeared probable that Ellena had been conveyed from Altieri by water, to some town or convent on the shore, the privacy and facility of such a mode of conveyance being suitable to the designs of her enemies.

Asherman, "and that is busy enough in gounce in

Lucia, but my comrade, here, perhaps can ferve you. What, Carlo, can you help the Signor to your little skiff! the other, I know, has enough to do in the trade.

His comrade, however, was too much engaged with a party of three or four men, who were liftening in deep attention round him, to reply; Vivaldi advancing to urge the question, was struck by the eagerness with which he delivered his narrative, as well as the uncouthness of his genticulation; and he paused a moment in attention. One of the auditors feemed to doubt of fomething that had been afferted. Telling you," replied the narrator, "I used to carry full there, wwo and three times as need week, and very good fort of people they were; they have laid out many a ducat acting with me in their time. But as I was faying, when I got there, and knocked upon the door, I heard, all of a fudden, a huge groaning, and prefently I heard the voice of

of the old housekeeper herself, coaring out for help public locould give ther badney for The door was faffered band, while I dan away for affiftance to old Bartoll, youlknow old Barroli, he lives by the road fide as you algorito Naples swell, while L range him, becomes ad Signor, and jumps through the window and fets her at liberty at once. It So then, I heard the whole ftory Hist aid I od we What Rory ?! faid Vivaldi, of and of Lazzaro, could gitts saque boyou be reased and a Mall in good time, Maeftro, you shall hear," faid the fisherman, who looking at him for a moment, added, Why, Signor, it should be you I saw there, you should be the very Signor that let Beatrice loofe." no Vivaldi, who had fearcely doubted before, that it was Altieri of which the man had spoken, now asked a thousand questions respecting the route the ruffians had taken Ellena, but obtained no relief to his anxhad purifyed and all of a follow, d

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mo ghildhould not wonder, it said a Lazzaro rowbould been liftening to the relation; of I mishould not wonder in the carriage that passived Bracelli early on the same morning, with a the blinds drawn up, though it was so hot mistate people could scarcely breathe in the shopen air, should prove to be it which carried odoff the lady the did not and stal bas wobow

This hint was fufficient to reanimate Vivaldi, who collected all the information the
Lazzaro could give, which was, however,
little more than that a carriage, such as he
described, had been feen by him, driving
furiously through Bracelli, early on the
morning mentioned as that of Signora di
Rosalba's departure. Vivaldi had now no
doubt as to its being the one which conveyed her away, and he determined to set
out immediately for that place, where he
hoped to obtain from the post-master further intelligence concerning the road she
had pursued.

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With this intention he returned once more to his father's manfion, not to acquaint him with his purpose, or to bid him farewel, but to await the return of his servant Paulo, who he meant should accompany him in the search. Vivaldi's spirits were now animated with hope, slender as were the circumstances that supported it; and, believing his design to be wholly unsuspected by those who would be disposed to interrupt it, he did not guard either against the measures, which might impede his departure from Naples, or those which might overtake him on his journey.

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CHAPIT

ore to his father's manfron, not to ac-

"What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?" SHARESPEAR.

I HE Marchefa, alarmed at fome hints dropped by Vivaldi in the late interview between them, and by fome circumstances of his latter conduct, fummoned her constant adviser, Schedoni. Still suffering with the infult he had received in the church of the Spirito Santo, he obeyed with fullen reluctance, yet not without a malicious hope of discovering some opportunity for retaliation. That infult, which had pointed forth his hypocrify, and ridiculed the folemn abstraction he assumed, had sunk deep in his heart, and, fermenting the direft passions of his nature, he meditated a terrible revenge. It had subjected him to mortifications of . bookeri various

various kinds. Ambition, it has already appeared, was one of his strongest motives of action, and he had long timed affilmed a character of levere fanctity, chiefly for the purpoles of lifting him to promotion a He was not beloved in the fociety of which he was a member; and many of the brotherwhood, who had laboured to difappoint his wiews, and to detect his errors, who hated him for his pride, and envied him for his reputed fanctity, now gloried in the mortification he had received, and endeavoured ai to turn the circumstance to their own advantage. They had not scrupled already to display by infinuation and pointed theers, their triumph, and to menace his reputation; and Schedoni, though he deferved contempt, was not of a temper to endure vifage was wan and wated.

But above all, some hints respecting his past life, which had fallen from Vivaldi, and which occasioned him so abruptly to leave the church, alarmed him. So much terror, indeed,

probable that he would have fealed his becret in death, devoting Vivaldi to the grave, had he not been reftrained by the dreaded wengeance of the Vivaldi family. Since that hour he had known no peace, and had never flept; he had taken fearcely any food, and was almost continually on his knees upon the steps of the high altar. The devotees who beheld him, paused and admired; such of the brothers as disliked him, sneered and passed on. Schedoni appeared alike insensible to each; lost to this world, and preparing for a higher.

The torments of his mind and the severe penance he had observed, had produced a superissing change in his appearance, so that he resembled a spectre rather than a human being. His visage was wan and washed, his ayes were sunk and become nearly motionless, and his whole air and attitudes exhibited the wild energy of something—not not this earth.

indeed.

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When he was summoned by the Marchesa, his conscience whispered this to be the consequence of circumstances, which Vivaldi had revealed; and, at first, he had determined not to attend her; but, considering that if it was so, his refusal would confirm suspicion, he resolved to trust once more to the subtilty of his address for deliverance.

With these apprehensions, tempered by this hope, he entered the Marchesa's closet. She almost started on observing him, and could not immediately withdraw her eyes from his altered visage, while Schedoni was unable wholly to conceal the perturbation which such earnest observation occasioned. "Peace rest with you, daughter!" said he, and he seated himself, without lifting his eyes from the sloor.

o" I wished to speak with you, father, upon affairs of moment," said the Marchesa gravely, "which are probably not unknown to you." She paused, and Schedoni bowed

his head, awaiting in anxious expectation what was to follow.

You are filent, father," refumed the Marchefa. "What am I to understand by this?

That you have been mininformed," replied Schedoni, whose apt conscience be-

traved his discretion.

"Pardon me," faid the Marchefa, "I am too well informed, and should not have requested your visit if any doubt had remained upon my mind."

Signora! be cautious of what you credit, faid the confessor imprudently; you know not the confequence of a hafty

credulity."

Would that mine were a rash credulity!" replied the Marchefa; " but - we are betrayed."

" repeated the monk, beginning to

revive: "What has happened?"

The Marchela informed him of Vivaldi's absence, and inferred from its length, for it was now leveral days fince his departure, of the place of the holieft men may unconfecciously cheristis to

Schedoni differed from her, but hinted, at that the obedience of youth was hopeles, and unless severe measures were adopted signars.

"Severer!" exclaimed the Marchefaumi "good father, is it not severe, endugh to me confine her for life?" a doub to yet rowner

fon, lady," replied Schedoni. # When a young man has so far overcome all revealed rence for an holy ordinance as publicly to to insult its professors, and yet more, whendus that professor is in the very performance of the his duties, it is time he should be controlled with a strong shand. I aim not in the address of advising such measures is not in the entropy of Signor Vivaldi is such as walls of aloud for them. Public decency demands as aloud for them. Public decency demands as aloud for them. Public decency demands as aloud for them. I Public decency demands as aloud for them. I Public decency demands as aloud for them. I Public decency demands as aloud for them indeed. I should have entoned dured patiently the indignity which has been

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been offered me, receiving it as a falutary mortification, as one of thole inflictions that purify the foul from the pride which even the holiest men may unconsciously cherists. But I am no longer permitted to consider myself; the public good requires that an example thould be made of the hortible impiety of which your son, it grieves me, daughter, to disclose it! Lyour son, unworthy of such a mother! has been guilty?"

It is evident that in the style, at least, of this accuration, Schedoni suffered the force of his reference to prevail over the usual of subtility of his address, the deep and smooth in institution of his policy.

"To what do you allude, righteous father?" enquired the altonished Marchela; "what indignity, what impiety has my fone to answer fond all ientreat you will speak explicitly, that I may prove I can lose the mother in the strict severity of the judge."

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dured patiently the indignity which has tadT " been

That is spoken with the grandeur of sentiment, which has always distinguished you, my daughter! Strong minds perceive that justice is the highest of the moral attributes, mercy is only the favourite of weak ones."

Schedoni had a view in this commendation beyond that of confirming the Marchesa's present resolution against Vivaldi. He withed to prepare her for measures, which might hereafter be necessary to accomplish the revenge he meditated, and he knew that by flattering her vanity, he was most likely to succeed. He praised her, therefore, for qualities he wished her to possess, encouraged her to reject general opinions by admiring as the symptoms of a superior understanding, the convenient morality upon which she had occasionally acted; and, calling sternness justice, extolled that for strength of mind, which was only callous ittlentibility, to we read third with me read-

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He then described to her Vivaldi's late conduct in the church of the Spirito Santo, exaggerated some offensive circumstances of it, invented others, and formed of the whole an instance of monstrous impiety and unprovoked infult.

The Marchela liftened to the relation with no less indignation than surprize, and her readiness to adopt the confessor's advice allowed him to depart with renovated spirits

and most triumphant hopes.

Meanwhile, the Marchese remained ignorant of the subject of the conference with Schedoni. His opinions had formerly been founded, and having been found decidedly against the dark policy it was thought expedient to practise, he was never afterwards consulted respecting Vivaldi. Parental anxiety and affection began to revive as the lengthened absence of his son was observed. Though jealous of his rank, he loved Vivaldi; and, though he had never positively believed that he designed to enter vol. 1.

into a facred engagement with a person, whom the Marchele confidered to be lo much his inferior as Ellena, he had fuffer. ed doubts, which gave him confiderable uneafiness. The present extraordinary abfence of Vivaldi renewed his alarm. He apprehended that if the was discovered at this moment, when the fear of losing her for ever, and the exasperation, which such complicated opposition occasioned, had awakened all the passions of his son, this rash young man might be prevailed upon to fecure her for his own by the indiffoluble vow. On the other hand, he dreaded the effect of Vivaldi's despair, should he fail in the pursuit; and thus, fearing at one moment that for which he wished in the next, the Marchele suffered a tumult of mind inferior only to his fon's.

The instructions, which he delivered to the servants whom he sent in pursuit of Vivaldi, were given under such distraction of thought, that scarcely any person persectly understood understood his commission; and, as the Marchela had been careful to conceal from him her knowledge of Ellena's abode, he gave no direction concerning the route to San Stefano.

White the Marchefe at Naples was thus employed, and while Schedoni was forming further plans against Ellena, Vivaldi was wandering from village to village, and from town to town, in pursuit of her, whom all his efforts had hitherto been unsuccessful to recover. From the people at the post-house at Bracelli, he had obtained little information that could direct him at they only knew that a carriage, such as had been already described to Vivaldi, with the blinds drawn up, changed horses there on the morning, which he remembered to be that of Ellena's departure, and had proceeded on the road to Morgagni.

When Vivaldi arrived thither, all trace of Ellena was lost; the master of the post could not recollect a single circumstance of the post connected.

connected with the travellers, and, even if he had noticed them, it would have been infufficient for Vivaldi's purpose, unless he had also observed the road they followed; for at this place several roads branched off into opposite quarters of the country; Vivaldi, therefore, was reduced to chuse one of these, as chance or fancy directed; and, as it appeared probable that the Marchese had conveyed Ellena to a convent, he determined to make enquiries at every one on his way.

He had now passed over some of the wildest tracts of the Apennine, among scenes, which seemed abandoned by civilizated society to the banditti who haunted their recesses. Yet even here amidst wilds that were nearly inaccessible, convents, with each its small dependent hamlet, were scattered, and, shrouded from the world by woods and mountains, enjoyed unsuspectedly many of its luxuries, and displayed, unnoticed, some of its elegance. Vivaldi, who

who had visited several of these in search of Ellena, had been surprized at the refined courtesy and hospitality, with which he was received.

It was on the feventh day of his journey, and near fun-fet, that he was bewildered in the woods of Rugieri. He had received a direction for the road he was to take at a village some leagues distant, and had obeyed it confidently till now, when the path was loft in feveral tracts that branched out among the trees. The day was closing, and Vivaldi's fpirits began to fail, but Paulo, light of heart and ever gay, commended the shade and pleasant freshness of the woods, and observed, that if his master did lose his way, and was obliged to remain here for the night, it could not be fo very unlucky, for they could climb up among the branches of a cheftnut, and find a more neat and airy lodging than any inn had yet afforded them.

While

While Paulo was thus endeavouring to make the best of what might happen, and his master was sink in reverie, they sudden, ly heard the found of instruments and voices from a distance. The gloom, which the trees threw around, prevented their distinguishing objects afar off, and not a single human being was visible, nor any trace of his art, beneath the shadowy scene. They listened to ascertain from what direction the sounds approached, and heard a chorus of voices, accompanied by a few instruments, performing the evening service.

"We are near a convent, Signor," faid Paulo, "listen! they are at their devo-

"It is as you fay," replied Vivaldi; "and we will make the best of our way towards it."

"Well, Signor! I must say, if we find as good doings here as we had at the Capuchin's, we shall have no reason to regret our beds al-fresco among the chestnut

"Do you perceive any walls or spires beyoud the trees?" faid Vivaldi, as he led the way.

"None, Signor," replied Paulo; "yet we draw nearer the founds. Ah, Signor! do you hear that note? How it dies away! And those instruments just touched in symphony! This is not the music of peasants; a convent must be near, though we do not see it."

Still as they advanced, no walls appeared. and foon after the mufic ceased; but other founds led Vivaldi forward to a pleasant part of the woods, where, the trees opening, he perceived a party of pilgrims seated on the grass. They were laughing and conversing with much gaiety, as each spread before him the supper, which he drew from his scrip; while he, who appeared to be the Father-director of the pilgrimage, sat with a jovial countenance in the midst of the com-

pany, dispensing jokes and merry stories, and receiving in return a tribute from every scrip. Wines of various sorts were ranged before him, of which he drank abundantly, and seemed not to refuse any dainty that was offered.

Vivaldi, whose apprehensions were now quieted, stopped to observe the groupe, as the evening rays, glancing along the skirts of the wood, threw a gleam upon their various countenances, shewing, however, in each a spirit of gaiety that might have characterized the individuals of a party of pleafure, rather than those of a pilgrimage. The Father-director and his flock feemed perfectly to understand each other; the Superior willingly refigned the folerm austerity of his office, and permitted the company to make themselves as happy as posfible, in confideration of receiving plenty of the most delicate of their viands; yet somewhat of dignity was mingled with his condescensions, that compelled them to receive

even his jokes with a degree of deference, and perhaps they laughed at them less for their spirit than because they were favors.

Addressing the Superior, Vivaldi requested to be directed how he might regain his way. The father examined him for a moment before he replied, but observing the elegance of his dress, and a certain air of distinction; and perceiving, also, that Paulo was his servant, he promised his services, and invited him to take a seat at his right hand, and partake of the supper.

Vivaldi, understanding that the party was going his road, accepted the invitation; when Paulo, having fastened the horses to a tree, soon became busy with the supper. While Vivaldi conversed with the father, Paulo engrossed all the attention of the pilgrims near him; they declared he was the cleverest and the merriest fellow they had ever seen, and often expressed a wish that he was going as far with them as to the shrine in a convent of Carmelites,

which terminated their pilgrimage. When Vivaldi understood that this shrine was in the church of a convent, partly inhabited by nuns, and that it was little more than a league and a half distant, he determined to accompany them, for it was as possible that Ellena was confined there as in any other cloister; and of her being imprisoned in some convent, he had less doubt, the more he considered the character and views of his mother. He set forward, therefore, with the pilgrims, and on foot, having resigned his horse to the weary Father-director.

Darkness closed over them long before they reached the village where they designed to pass the night; but they beguiled the way with songs and stories, now and then, only, stopping at command of the Father, to repeat some prayer or sing a hymn. But, as they drew near a village, at the base of the mountain on which the shrine stood, they halted to arrange themselves

felves in procession; and the Superior having stopped short in the midst of one of his best jokes, dismounted Vivaldi's horse, placed himself at their head, and beginning a loud strain, they proceeded in full chorus of melancholy music.

The peafants, hearing their fonorous voices, came forth to meet and conduct them to their cabins. The village was already crowded with devotees, but these poor peafants, looking up to them with love and reverence, made every possible contrivance to accommodate all who came; notwithstanding which, when Paulo soon after turned into his bed of straw, he had more reasons than one to regret his chestnut mattress.

Vivaldi passed an anxious night, waiting impatiently for the dawning of that day, which might possibly restore to him Ellena. Considering that a pilgrim's habit would not only conceal him from suspicion, but allow him opportunities for observation,

which his own dress would not permit, he employed Paulo to provide him one. The address of the servant, assisted by a single ducat, eafily procured it, and at an early hour he fet forward on his enquity.

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## ANTHONOR CHAP XILE CONTRACTOR

Bring rofes, violets, and the cold fnow-drop. Beautiful in tears, to streve the path-ways Of our faintly fifter.

The same of the second FEW devotees only had begun to afcend the mountain, and Vivaldi kept aloof even from these, pursuing a lonely track, for his thoughtful mind defired folitude. The early breeze fighing among the foliage, that waved high over the path, and the hollow dashing of distant waters, he listened to with complacency, for these were founds which foothed yet promoted his melancholy mood; and he fometimes refted; to gaze upon the scenery around him, for this too was in harmony with the temper of his mind. Disappointment had subdued! the wilder energy of the passions, and produced

duced a folemn and lofty stare of feeling; he viewed with pleasing sadness the dark rocks and precipices, the gloomy mountains and vast solitudes, that spread around him; nor was the convent he was approaching a less sacred seature of the scene, as its gray walks and pinnacles appeared beyond the dusky groves. "Ah! if it should enclose her!" said Vivaldi, as he caught a first glimpse of its hall. "Vain hope! I will not invite your illusions again, I will not expose myself to the agonies of new disappointment; I will search, but not expect. Yet, if she should be there!"

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Having reached the gates of the convent, he passed with hasty steps into the court; where his emotion encreased as he paused a moment and looked round its silent cloisters. The porter only appeared, when Vivaldi, fearful lest he should perceive him not to be a pilgrim, drew his hood over his face, and, gathering up his garments still closer in his folded arms, passed on without speaking,

speaking, though he knew not which of the avenues before him led to the shrine. He advanced; however, towards the church, a stately edifice, detached, and at some little distance, from the other parts of the convent. Its highly vaulted aisles, extending in twilight perspective, where a monk, or a pilgrim only, now and then crossed, whose dark sigures, passing without sound, vanished like shadows; the universal stillness of the place, the gleam of tapers from the high altar, and of lamps, which gave a gloomy pomp to every shrine in the church:—all these circumstances conspired to impress a facred awe upon his heart.

He followed some devotees through a side aille to a court, that was overhung by a tremendous rock, in which was a cave, containing the shrine of our Lady of Mount Carmel. This court was enclosed by the rock, and by the choir of the church, except that to the south a small opening led the eye to a glimpse of the landscape below, which, seen beyond the dark jaws of the cliff, appeared

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peared free, and light, and gaily coloured, melting away into the blue and distant mountains.

Vivaldi entered the cave, where, enclosed within a filigree screen of gold, lay the image of the faint, decorated with flowers and lighted up by innumerable lamps and tapers. The steps of the shrine were thronged with kneeling pilgrims, and Vivaldi, to avoid fingularity, kneeled also; till a high peal of the organ, at a distance, and the deep voices of choiristers announced that the first mass was begun. He left the cave, and, returning into the church, loitered at an extremity of the aifles, where he liftened awhile to the folemn harmony pealing along the roofs, and foftening away in distance. It was such full and entrancing music as frequently fwells in the high festivals of the Sicilian church, and is adapted to inspire that sublime enthusiasm, which sometimes elevates Vivaldi, unable to endure its disciples. long the excess of feeling, which this harmony

mony awakened, was leaving the church, when suddenly it ceased, and the tolling of a bell sounded in its stead. This seemed to be the knel of death, and it occurred to him, that a dying person was approaching to receive the last sacrament; when he head remotely a warbling of semale voices, mingling with the deeper tones of the monks, and with the hollow note of the bell, as it struck at intervals. So sweetly, so plaintively, did the strain grow on the air, that those, who listened, a well as those, who sung, were touched with sorrow, and seemed equally to mourn for a departing friend.

Vivaldi hastened to the choir, the parement of which was strewn with palmbranches and fresh slowers. A pall of black velvet lay upon the steps of the altar, where several priests were silently attending. Every where appeared the ensigns of solemn pump and ceremony, and in every countenance the stillness and observance of expectation.

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Meanwhile

Meanwhile the founds drew nearer, and Vivaldi perceived a procession of nuns approaching from a distant aisle.

As they advanced, he distinguished the lady abbess leading the train, dressed in her pontifical robes, with the mitre on her head; and well he marked her stately step, moving in time to the slow minstrelly, and the air of proud yet graceful dignity, with which she characterized herself. Then followed the nuns, according to their several orders, and last came the novices, carrying lighted tapers, and surrounded by other nuns, who were distinguished by a particular habit.

Having reached a part of the church appropriated for their reception, they arranged themselves in order. Vivaldi with a palpitating heart enquired the occasion of this ceremony, and was told that a nun was going to be professed.

added the prior who gave him this intelli-

gence, that on the morning of our high feltival, our lady suday, nit is usual for fuch as devote themselves to theaven, tol feetive the veil. Sund by while, and you will see the externonyth reguests our dains of

"What is the name of the novice who is now to receive it?" Maid Vivaldi, in a voice whose tremulous accents betrayed his emotion. I lo no main in soun invest sait do

The friar iglanded an seye of forming upon him, as the replied, Mylknow not her name, bubilf syou will step a little this way, I will point her outpoint out on the second of the second

Vivaldi, drawing his i hood over his face, obeyed in filence leveride view that about a least of the abbels," laid the firanger, "who leans on the arm of a nun, the is covered with a white weil, and is taller than her companions." armunely

Vivaldi observed her with a searful eye, and, though he did not recognize the perfon of Ellena, yet, whether it was that his sandy was possessed with her image, or that there there was truth in his furmile, he thought he perceived a refemblance of her. He enquired how long the novice had resided in the convent, and many other particulars, to which the stranger either could not or direct not reply.

with what anxious folicitude did Vivaldi endbayour to look through the veils of the feveral nuns in fearch of Ellena, whom he believed the barbarous policy of his mother might already have devoted to the cloiffer! With a folicitude still stronger, he tried to catch a glimple of the features of the novices, but their faces were shaded by hoods, and their white veils, though thrown half back, were disposed in such artful folds that they concealed them from observation, as effectually as did the pendant lawn the features of the nuns.

The ceremony began with the exhortation of the Father-Abbot, delivered with folenm energy; then the novice kneeling before him, made her profession, for which Vivaldi

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Vivaldi liftened with intense attention, but it was delivered in such low and trembling accents, that he could not ascertain even the tone. But during the anthem that mingled with the ensuing part of the seconce, he thought he distinguished the voice of Ellena, that touching and well-known voice, which in the church of San Lorenzo had first attracted his attention. He listened, searcely daving to draw breath, lest he should lose a note; and again he fancied her voice spoke in a part of the plaintive response delivered by the nuns.

Vivaldi endeavoured to command his emotion, and to await with patience forme further unfolding of the truth; but when the priest prepared to withdraw the white veil from the face of the novice, and throw the black one over her, a dreadful expectation that she was Ellena seized him, and he with difficulty forbore stepping forward and discovering himself on the instant.

The veil was at length withdrawn, and a very lovely face appeared, but not Ellena's nivivaldi breathed again, and waited with tolerable composure for the conclusion of the ceremony; till, in the solemn strain that followed the putting on of the black well, he heard again the voice, which he was now convinced was her's. Its accents were low, and mountful, and tremulous, yet his heart acknowledged instantaneously their magic influence.

When this ceremony had concluded, another began; and he was fold it was that of a hoviciation. A young woman, fupported by two mins, advanced to the altar, and Vivaldi thought he beheld Ellena. The priest was beginning the customary exhortation, when she listed her half-veil, and, shewing a countenance where meek forrow was mingled with heavenly sweetness, raised her blue eyes, all bathed in tears, and waved her hand as if she would have spoken.

—It was Ellena herself.

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The priest attempted to proceed

. I protest in the presence of this congregation," faid the folemnly, is that I am brought hither to pronounce wows which my heart difclaims of protesting services

A confusion of voices interrupted her. and at the same instant she perceived Vivaldi rushing towards the altar. Ellena gazed for a moment, and then, stretching forth her supplicating hands stowards him; closed her eyes, and funk into the arms of fome perfors round her, who vainly endeavoured: to prevent him from approaching and affifting her. The anguish, with which he bent over her lifeless form, and called upon her name, excited the commiferation even of the nuns, and especially of Olivia, who was most assiduous in efforts to revive her, young friend.

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When Ellena unclosed her eyes, and looking up, once more beheld Vivaldi, the expression, with which she regarded him, told that her heart was unchanged, and and a

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that the was unconfcious of the mileries of imprisonment while he was with here. She defired to withdraw, and, allithed by Vivaldi and Olivia, was leaving the church, when the abbets ordered that the should be attended by the nums only; and, retiring from the altar, the gave directions that the young stranger should be conducted to the parlour of the convent.

imperious command, yielded to the entreaties of Ellena, and to the gentle remonfirances of Olivia; and, bidding Ellena farewell for a while, he repaired to the parlour
of the abbels. He was not without fome
hope of awakening her to a fenfe of justice,
or of pity; but he found that her notions
of right were inenorably against him, and
that pride and refentment ususped the influence of every other feeling. She began
her lecture with expressing the warm friendship she had so long enerished for the Marchefa, proceeded to lament that the son of
a friend,

a friend, whom the so highly esteemed, should have forgotten his duty to his parents, and the observance due to the dignity of his house, so far as to seek connection with a person of Ellena di Rosalba's inferior station; and concluded with a severe reprimand for having disturbed the tranquillity of her convent and the decorum of

the church by his intrusion.

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Vivaldi liftened with fubmitting patience to this mention of morals and decorum from a person, who, with the most perfect felf-applause, was violating forme of the plainest obligations of humanity and justice; who had conspired to tear an orphan from her home, and who deligned to deprive her for life of liberty, with all the bleffings it But, when the proceeded to speak inherits. of Ellena with the caustic of severe reprobation, and to hint at the punishment, which her public rejection of the vows had incurred, the patience of Vivaldi submitted no indignation and contempt role high

high against the Superior, and he exhibited a portrait of herself in the Brong colours of truth. But the mind, which compassion could not appal; less that hardened it alike to the influence of each; her pride only was affected, and she retaliated the mortification she suffered by menace and denunciation.

Vivaldi, on quitting her apartment, had no other relource than an application to the Abate, whole influence, at least, if not his authority, might affuage the leverity of her power. In this Abare, a mildness of temper, and a gentleness of manner were qualities of less value than is usually and defervedly imputed to them; for, being connected with feebleness of mind, they were but the pleafing merits of easy times, which in an hour of difficulty never afforded the character of virtues, by inducing him to lerve thole, for whom he might feel. And thus, with a temper and disposition directly opposite to those of the severe and violent

violent abbefs, he was equally felfish; and almost equally enleable, fince by permiting evil be was meanly as injurious in his conductions these who planned it is Indolence and fimidity a timidity the confequence of want of clear perception, deprived him of all energy of character; he was prudent rather than wife, and fo fearful of being thought to do wrong that he feldem did right. To Vivaldi's temperate representations and earnest entreaties that he would exert fome authority towards liberating Ellena, he listened with patiences acknowledged the hardships of her situation; lamented the unhappy divisions between Vivaldi and his family, and then declined advancing a fingle flep in to delicate an affair. Signora di Rofalba, he faid, was in the care of the abbels, over whom he had no right of control im matters relative to her domestic concerns. Vivaldi then supplicated, that, though he possessed no authority, he would, at least intercede or remonstrate against fo unjust violent

unjust a procedure as that of detaining Ellena a priloner, and affilt in refloring her to the home, from which the had been for of confirming a wrong by you birring aldis

And this, again, replied the Abate, a does not come within my jurifdiction; and I make it a rule never to encroach upon

that of another person. sadt bloow

And can you endure, holy father," faid Vivaldi, to withers a flagrant act of injuffice and not endeavour to counteract it? not even step forward to rescue the victim when you perceive the preparation for the facrifice you y bod y toyo diw gai

"I repeat, that I never interfere with the authority of others," replied the Superior; "having afferted my own, I yield to them in their sphere, the obedience which despairing or couply

I require in mine."

Is power then, laid Vivaldi, the infallible test of justice ? Is it morality to obey where the command is criminal? The  ( 317 )

placed as you are, between the alternative of confirming a wrong by your confent, or preventing it by your refistance. Would that your heart expanded towards that world, reverend father!"

Would that the whole world were wrong that you might have the glory of fetting it right!" faid the Abate, fmiling. Young man! you are an enthuliaft, and I pandon you. You are a knight of chivalry, who would go about the earth fighting with every body by way of proving your right to do good; it is unfortunate that you are born somewhat too late."

"Enthusiasm in the cause of humanity"—
faid Vivaldi, but he checked himself; and
despairing of touching a heart so hardened
by selfish prudence, and indign: t at beholding an apathy so vicious in its consequence, he left the Abate without other effort. He perceived that he must now have recourse to further stratagem, a recourse which

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his frank and noble mind deterted, but he had already tried, without fuccels, every other possibility of relduing the innocent victim of the Marchesa's prejudice and pride.

Ellens meanwhile had retired to her cell. agitated by a variety of confiderations, and contrary emotions, of which, however, those of joy and tenderness were long predominant. Then came anxiety, apprebention, pride, and doubt, to divide and corture her heart. at It was true that Vivaldi had differenced her prison, but, if it were possible, that he could release her, she must content to quit it with him; a step from which a mind to tremblingly jealous of propriety as hers; recoiled with alarm, though it would deliver her from captivity. And how, when the confidered the haughty character of the Marchele di Vivaldi, the imperious and windidive nature of the Marchela, and, still more, their united repugnance to a connection with her, how could the endure to think, even for a moment, of time 47 intruding

intruding herfelf into fuch a family! Pride. delicacy, good fense feemed to warn her against a conduct to humiliating and yexatious in its confequences, and to exhort her to preserve her own dignity by independence; but the esteem, the friendship, the tender affection, which she had cherished for Vivaldi, made her paufe, and shrink with emotions, of little less than horror, from the eternal renunciation, which so dignified a choice required. Though the encouragement. which her deceased relative had given to this attachment, feemed to impart to it a facred character, that confiderably foothed the alarmed delicacy of Ellena, the approbation thus implied, had no power to filence her own objections, and she would have regretted the mistaken zeal, which had contributed to lead her into the present distressing fituation, had the revered the memory of her aunt, or loved Vivaldi, less. Still, however, the joy, which his prefence had occasioned, and which the consciousness that P 4

that he was fill near her had prolonged, was not subdued, though it was frequently obscured, by fuch anxious considerations. With jealous and indifcreet folicitude, she now recollected every look, and the accent of every word, which had told that his affection was undiminished, thus seeking, with inconfistent zeat, for a conviction of the very tendernels, which but a moment before he had thought it would be prudent to las ment, and almost necessary to renounce.

She awaited with extreme anxiety the appearance of Olivia, who might probably know the refult of Vivaldi's conference with the abbefs, and whether he was yet in

the convent.

In the evening Ollvia came, a mellenger of evil; and Ellena, informed of the conduct of the abbefs, and the consequent departure of Vivaldi, perceived all her courage, and all the half-formed refolutions, which a consideration of his family had fuggetted, faulter and expire. Senfible only

only of grief and despondency, she afcervained, for the first time, the extent of her affection and the feverity of her fituation. She perceived, also, that the injustice, which his family had exercised towards her, ablotved her from all confideration of their difpleafure, otherwife than as it might affect herfelf; but this was a conviction, which it were now probably ufeless to admit.

Olivia not only expressed the tenderest interest in her welfare, but seemed deeply affected with her fituation; and, whether it was, that the nun's misfortunes bore some relemblance to Ellena's, or from whatever cause, it is remarkable that her eyes were often filled with tears, while she regarded her young friend, and she betrayed so much emotion that Ellena noticed it with furprife. She was, however, too delicate to hint any curiofity on the lubject; and too much engaged by a nearer interest, to dwell long upon the circumstance. lter, ang estpire in deputate

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When Olivia withdrews Ellena refired to her surret, to foothe her spirits with a view of ferene and majestic nature, a recourse which seldom failed to elevate her mind and fosten the asperities of affliction. It was to her like sweet and solemn music, breathing peace over the foul—like the caten stop of Mikon's Spirit,

Who with his fost pipe, and smooth dittied long, Well knew to still the wild winds when they roar And hush the waving woods."

while she sat before a window, observing the evening light beaming up the valley, and touching all the distant mountains with misty purple, a reed at sweet, though not as fanciful, sounded from among the rocks below. The instrument and the character of the strain were such as she had been unaccustomed to hear within the walls of San Stefano, and the tone diffused over her spirits a pleasing melancholy, that rapt all her attention. The liquid cadence, as it transled and limk away, seemed to tell the dejection of

of no vulgar feelings, and the exquisite talte, with which the complaining notes were sagain (welled, almost convinced her, that the mufician was Vivaldi.

On looking from the lattice, the perceived a person perched on a point of the cliff bedow, whither it appeared almost impracticable for any human step to have climbed, and preferved from the precipice only by some dwarf thrubs that fringed the brow. The twilight did not permit her immediately to afcertain whether it was Vivaldi, and the fituation was fo dangerous that the hoped it was not her Her doubts were removed, when, looking up, he perceived Ellena, and she heard स्थित । अवसे his voice.

Vivaldi had learned from a lay-brother of the convent, whom Paulo had bribed, and who, when he worked in the garden, had fometimes feen Ellena at the window, that fhe frequented this remote turnet; and, at the hazard of his life, he had now ventured thither, with a hope of converting with her-Ellena,

Effenal alarmed at his tremendous fittiation refused to liften to him, but he would not leave the spot till he had communicated ed a plan concerted for her escape, and; entreating that the would confide herfelf to his care, affired her the would be conducted wherever the judged proper. It appeared that the brother had confented to affift his views, in confideration of an ample reward, and to admit him within the walls on this evening, when, in his pilgrim's habit, he might have an opportunity of again feeling Ellena. He conjured her to attend, if poffible, in the convent parlour during supper, 12 explaining, in a few words, the motive for this request, and the substance of the folvariety of other faticitid de : srafuziraq guiwol

The Lady-abbels, in observance of the custom upon high festivals, gave a collation to the Padre-abate, and such of the priests as had assisted at the vesper-service. A few strangers of distinction and pilgrims were also to partake of the entertainments of this

this night, among which was included a concert to be performed by the munish the the collation was to be displayed a profu-on fion of delicacies, arranged by the fifters, be who had been bufy in preparing the paftry and confectionary during feveral days, and who excelled in these articles no less than in embroidery and other ingenious arts. This supper was to be given in the abbels's outer parlour, while she herself, attended by some nuns of high rank, and a few favourites, was to have a table in the inner apartment, where, feparated only by the grate, the could partake of the convertation of the holy fathers. The tables were to be ornamented with artificial flowers, and a variety of other fanciful devices upon which the ingenuity of the fifters had been long employed, who prepared for these feftivals with as much vanity, and expected them to dissipate the gloomy monotony of their usual life, with as much eagerness of allostightenike of the enterminents of

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On this evening, therefore, every member of the convent would be engaged either by amusement or business, and to Vivaldi, who had been careful to inform himfelf of thefe circumstances, it would be eafy, with the affiftance of the brother, to obtain admittance, and mingle himself among the spectators, disguised in his pilgrim's habit. He entreated, therefore, that Ellena would contrive to be in the abbels's apartment this evening, when he would endeavour to convey to her some further particulars of the plan of escape, and would have mules in waiting at the foot of the mountain, to conduct her to the villa Altieri, or to the neighbouring convent of the Santa della Pieta. Vivaldi fecretly hoped that the might be prevailed with to give him her hand on quitting San Stefano, but he forbore to mention this hope left it should be mistaken for a condition, and that Ellena might

be cities reluctant sto accept chis affiliante, or, accepting it, might confider herfelf bound to grant a hally confent. and nO To his mention of escape the listened with varying emotion; at one moment attrending to it with hope and joy, as promifing her only chance of liberation from an imprisonment, which was probably intended to last for her dife, and of restoring her to Vivaldi; and at another, recoiling from the thought of departing with him, while his family was for decidedly averse to their marriage. Thus, unable to form any inflant resolution on the subject, and entreating that he would leave his dangerous flation before the thickening twilight should encrease the hazard of his descent, Ellena added, that the would endeavour to obtain admittance to the apartment of the abbest. and to acquaint him with ther final determination. Vivaldi understood all the delicacy of her scruples, and though they

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afflicted him, he honoured the good fatte

ments of departing light, and then, with a heart fluttering with hopes and fears, bade Ellena farewel, and descended; while she watched his progress through the silent gloom, faintly distinguishing him gliding along ledges of the precipice, and making his adventurous way from cliff to cliff, till the winding thickets concealed him from her view. Still anxious, she remained at the lattice, but he appeared no more; no voice announced disaster; and, at length, she returned to her cell, to deliberate on the subject of her departure.

Her confiderations were interrupted by Olivia, whose manner indicated something extraordinary; the usual tranquillity of her countenance was gone, and an air of grief mingled with apprehension appeared there. Before the spoke, the examined the passage and spoked round the cell. "It is as I feared,"

feared of faid the abruptly; off my duspicities are justified, and you, my child, care faorificed, and you, my child, care faorificed, unless it were possible for you to quit the convent this night, and reach to share.

alarmed Ellena and be been dewerst such the

"I have just learned," resumed the nun, that your conduct this morning, which is understood to have thrown a premeditated insult upon the abbels, is to be punished with what they call imprisonment, alass why should I soften the truth, with what I believe is death itself, for who ever returned alive from that hideous chamber !!"

With death!" said Ellena, aghasts

"Oh, heavens! how have I deferred

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That is not the question, my daughter, but how you may avoid it. Within the deepest recesses of our convent, is a stone chamber, secured by doors of iron, to which such of the sisterhood as have been guilty of any heinous offence have from time

time to time, been configued, wThis condemnation admits of no reprieve qui the line formulate captive is left to languish in chains and darkness, receiving only an allowance of bread and water just sufficient to prolong her fufferings, till nature, at length, finking under their intolerable preffure, obtains refuge in death. Our records relate feveral instances of such horrible punishment, which has generally been inflicted upon nuns, who, weary of the life which they have chosen under the first delusions of the imagination, or which they have been compelled to accept by the rigour or avarice of parents, have been detected inveleaping from the mantential and answering of the

The nun paused, but Ellena remaining wrapt in filent thought, the refuseds. One miserable instance of this severity has occurred within my memory. I saw the wretched victim enter that apartment—never more to quit it alive! I saw, also, her poor remains laid at rest in the convent garden!

garden la During nearly two years the land guilhed upon a bed of straw, denied even the poor confolation of converting through the grate with such of the fisters as pitied her; and who of us was therethat did not pity her! A severe punishment was threatened to those who should approach with any compassionate intention; thank God! I incurred it, and I endured it, also, with severe triumph."

A gleam of fatisfaction passed over Olivia's countenance as she spoke this; it was the
sweetest that Filena had ever observed there.
With a sympathetic emotion, she througherself on the bosom of the nun, and wept;
for some moments they were both silent.
Olivia, at length said, "Do you not be
lieve, my child, that she officials and of
sended abbest will readily seize upon the
circumstance of your disobedience, as a pretence for confining you in that satal chamber? The wishes of the Marchesa will thus
surely be accomplished, without the difficulty

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culty of exacting your obedience to the vows. Alas I. I have received proof too absolute of her intention, and that romon row is assigned as the day of your factifice; you may, perhaps, be thankful that the business of the festival has obliged her to defer executing the sentence even till to-morrow? Other thankful that the

Ellena replied only with a group, as her head still drooped upon the shoulder of the nun; she was not now besitating whether to accept the assistance of Vivaldi, but desponding less his upnost efforts for her deliverance should be vain.

Olivia, who mistook the cause of her filence, added, "Other hints I could give, which are strong as they are dreadful, but I will forbear. Tell me how it is possible I may affish you; I am willing to incur a second punishment, in endeayouring to relieve a second sufferer."

flance of the nun's generofity. "But if they

they should discover you in assisting me to leave the convent," she said, in a voice convented by her gratifude, — O! if they should discover you promise too stated as a stated of the stated of the

replied with firminess, "and do not fear to meet it sould and is with a land do not fear to

weeping Ellena; "I ought not to suffer you to be thus careless of yourself?"

My conduct is not wholly difinterested," the nun modestly replied; for I shink I could endure any punishment with more fortitude than the sickening anguish of beholding such suffering as I have witnessed. What are bodily pains in companion with the subtle, the exquisite tortures of the mind! Heaven knows I can support my own afflictions, but not the view of those of others when they are excessive. The instruments of torture I believe I could endure, if my spirit was invigorated with the consciousness of a generous purpose;

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but pity touches upon a nerve that vibrates inflantly to the heart, and subdies resillance. Yes, my child, the agony of pity is keener than any other, except that of remorie, and even in temorie, it is, penhaps, the ming-ling unavailing pity; that points the sting. But, while I am indulging this egotion, I am, perhaps, increasing your danger of the suffering I deprecate the basing militials.

Ellena, thus encouraged by the generous lympathy of Olivia; mentioned Vivaldi's purposed with the on the probability of fulled with ther on the probability of procuring admittance for herself to the abbeis's parloan. Reasonated by this intelligence, Olivia advised her to repair not only to the supper room, but to attend the previous concern to which several strangers would be admitted, among whom might probably be Vivaldi. When to this, Ellena objected her dread of the abbeis's observation, and of the immediate sectution that would follow, Olivia soothed her fears:

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of discovery, by offering her the disquite of a min's excitand appropriately not young to the apartment, but to afford her every possible assistance towards the escape of the excitance of the escape.

MAmong the crowd of nuns, who will attend in that spacious apartment," Olivia added, it is improbable you would be distinguished, even if the fisters were tels occupied by amusement, and the abbess were at leifure to fcrutinize. As it is, you will hazard little danger of discovery; the Superior, if the thinks of you at all, will believe that you are still a prisoner in your eell, but this is an evening of too much importance to her vanity, for any confideration, distinct from that emotion, to divide her attention. Let hope, therefore, support you my child, and do you prepare a few lines to acquaint Vivaldi with your confent to his proposal, and with the urgency of your circumstances; you may, perhaps, and would tellow, Olivia footbed her fears

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s f find an opportunity of conveying them

They were still conversing on this subject, when a particular chime sounded, which Olivia said summoned the nuns to the concert-room; and she immediately hastened for a black veil, while Ellena wrote the sew lines that were necessary for Vivaldi.

occupied by amulement, and the abbets were at leifure to ferminise. As it is, you

ad : END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

Superior, it the thinks of you at all, will believe that you are till a parener in your cells but this is an occurred of roo mucture. Portance to her yanging, for any confideration, diffind from that, exocion, to think her attention. Let hope, therefore, support you my child, and do you prepare a few mees to acquaint Viyeldi with your confeat to his propofel, and with the ungency of your circurallances; you may, porlans, your circurallances; you may, porlans,